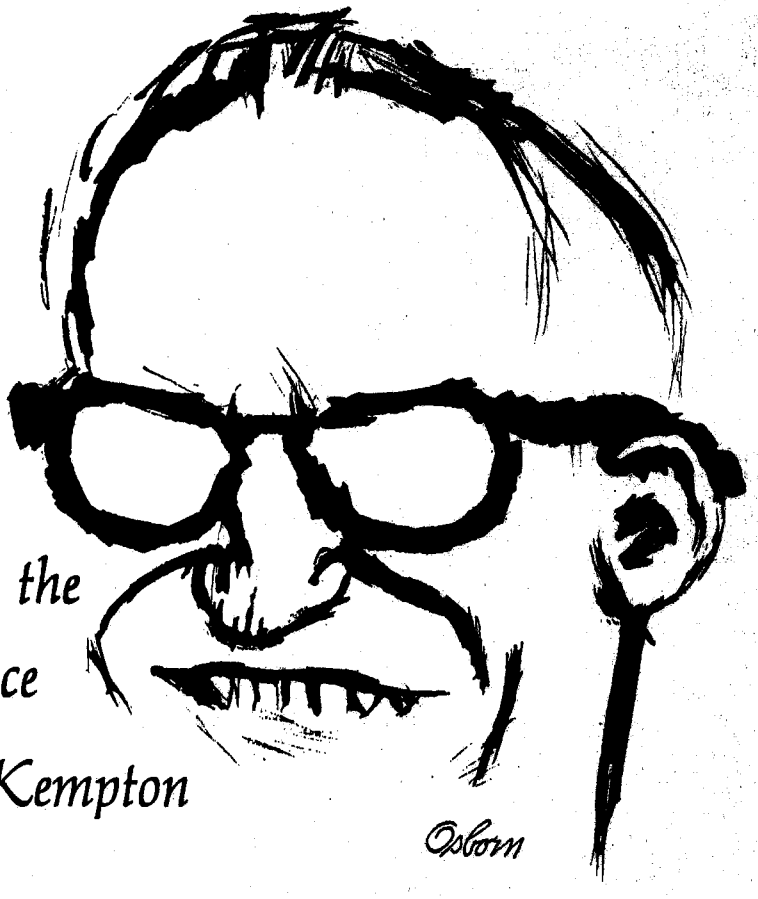
Law in Mississippi *Christopher Jencks*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

July 25, 1964, 35 cents

They Got Him



Report from the Cow Palace

by Murray Kempton

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T.R.B. *from San Francisco*

Barry's Holy Mission

★ Barry Goldwater, with all it means to America and the world, is the Republican Presidential candidate.

Before countless TV millions, the acceptance speech. Again and again he comes back to a holy mission: to suppress Communism, and to keep Central Park free of muggers. America, you see, has "followed false prophets"; it must return to "proven ways" with "the laws of nature and of nature's God." It must do this because America is "freedom's model."

But there is "virtual despair," he says, among thoughtful people who "look for the inner meaning of their lives." Everywhere there is "domestic violence" that springs from "a fundamentally and absolutely wrong view of man, his nature and his destiny."

Here is where politics come in. Somebody he says has substituted the state for individual enterprise; they have taken away "your liberties in return for relieving you of your responsibilities." But those who "elevate the state and downgrade the citizen" are substituting "earthly power for divine will." The country was founded upon "the rejection of that notion, and acceptance of God as the author of freedom."

And so, with a thrice-repeated invocation to the sanctity of private property ("the only durable foundation for constitutional government in a free society") this remarkable and frightening revelation of simplistic shallowness comes to an end.

Television cannot replace the eyewitness. You had to hear for yourself the great audience jeer and boo Governor Rockefeller as he warned against extremists. You had to see them whoop down Governor Romney's compromise civil rights plank. You had to experience the really venomous roar against the Press, set off by General Eisenhower's speech, or note the murmur of approval on being told that the Vice Presidential candidate, Representative William Miller, was formerly a member of the House Un-American Activities Committee. Then there was the feeling that followed when, against all belief, it finally dawned on you that no sops would be thrown to moderates; this was a go-for-broke conservative crusade.

All the time, at first, there was that feeling of disbelief. At some point, you felt, concessions would be made; the unwritten law of building up a center coalition would be obeyed. Not in the platform; well then, in the choice of running-mate. But no, not there, either.

Goldwater picked New York's champion gut-fighter, Representative Miller, a man without national reputation or appeal, but giving "balance" geographically, and also a Catholic. Nixon was Ike's hatchet man in 1952, but flexible Nixon knew the difference between the high and the low road. It is questionable whether Mr. Miller, the jolly eye-gouger, does. What a ticket. At least it has the admirable quality of candor.

And now let us say something that will anger many readers: Senator Goldwater does not wear horns. We deplore his viewpoint, but he is disconcertingly attractive as a person. It is folly to underestimate an opponent. The man we are dealing with is unassuming, modest, dedicated. He opposed the civil rights bill – and voted as he believed; he was against the nuclear test ban treaty – and voted his convictions there, too. He has been so candid that he trips over it; on the eve of the convention came the bizarre *Der Spiegel* interview where he praised Hohenzollern-Hitler brinkmanship, and told Germany commiseratingly that it would have won both wars save for having supreme commanders who "didn't understand war."

The new Republicanism is a racist, jingoistic splinter party, appealing to kooks, but also to millions of decent, worried Americans who feel that somewhere something has gone wrong with their country, and that a father, and a rain-maker, will straighten it out.

And so along comes Prophet Goldwater, dedicated but dashing; outspoken yet reassuring, with simple solutions for everything. This man believes in his own solutions. And that is Goldwater's strength: he believes in his panacea. And that is his weakness: the panacea is as dangerous and old-fashioned as blood-cupping.

This convention is different from any other we ever covered in that the suspense is all historical. Nobody doubted that Goldwater would win, though the fatuous Press played up the "contest" tediously. The real story is that a major party is changing hands. This is, in fact, a kidnapping, done before our eyes while most of the responsible political figures of the party watch unprotesting, like the bystanders in a New York sidewalk murder.

It is a queer mixture, Goldwater's Gideon army. The delegates look affluent – a small-town GM dealer or county insurance man – and they look concerned. They hate the Press. They believe that they must rouse the nation. Weren't there 18 million registered voters in 1960 who didn't vote? Why not? Because they were conservative voters, left apathetic by me-too candidates. Goldwater's holy trumpet will rouse them.

The X-Factor

★ Then there are possible allies: the low-income white workers, the ethnic minorities, worried by Negroes in homes and schools. Their fears and prejudices will be played upon by experts in the weeks ahead, the upper classes leading the lower classes. This is the X-factor in the election.

We don't believe the American people are crazy enough to elect Goldwater. But we didn't believe he could get the nomination either. At home the damage to civil rights enforcement goes without saying. (Even the word "enforcement" is omitted from the platform.)

In foreign affairs, the State Department may be made captive by the Jingoes again, as it was in Dean Acheson's time. Maybe it will pass. But after watching things at the Cow Palace we see almost no end to the harm being done.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC *A Journal of Opinion Volume 151 Numbers 4-5 Issues 2592-93 July 25, 1964*
Published weekly (except July and August when it is biweekly) and distributed by The New Republic, *1244 19th St., N.W., Washington 36, D. C. Phone FEderal 8-2494. Single copy 35c. Yearly subscription, $8.00; Foreign, $9.00; Armed Forces personnel or students, $6.50. Please give three weeks notice when changing address, giving old and new address. Postmasters: Send form 3759 to* The New Republic, *381 West Center St., Marion, Ohio.* *Copyright© 1964 by Harrison-Blaine, Inc.* *Item g. Second Class Postage Paid at Washington, D. C. Indexed in* Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature.

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The New Men

"This campaign is more than a contest between two men. It is more than a contest between two parties. It is a contest between two philosophies of government. . . . This election is not a mere shift from the ins to the outs. It means deciding the direction our nation will take over a century to come."

– HERBERT HOOVER, *October 31, 1932*

However similar the slogans, the campaign of 1964 will not be a repeat of the campaign of 1932. The Old Guard, so moderate by comparison, has been cast out, denied all privilege but the dubious one of calling itself Republican. The inspiration of the Goldwater Party is not so much Herbert Hoover as it is Joseph McCarthy. The New Men who prevailed in San Francisco are his heirs. They will, we have little doubt, be denied the Presidency this November, but they will not then withdraw. They will stay on the barricades and prepare for battles to come. They are thus far a minority within a minority, as was Senator McCarthy, but they are more consequential than he, for by virtue of Goldwater's nomination they have acquired a national machine. They also benefit from an auxiliary source of energy – a clandestine network, the John Birch Society, that supplies money, fanaticism and organization. The Republican nominee for President is not the captive of the crackpots, but he is their candidate and if, in time, he fades or fails them, they will find another.

Meanwhile, we have the novel spectacle, novel for the United States in the 20th Century, of one of our two major parties managed by men who really are convinced it is time for fundamental change, and who, if they could, would bring it about. Let none doubt their sincerity. They may be out of step with the Republican record, with the majority of their party, with the rest of the country and the world, but they are in command of what was once called a Grand Old Party, and they are determined it will not be what it was under Dwight Eisenhower or would have been under Governor Scranton.

That Barry Goldwater is a deviate Republican needs little documentation. He was one of six GOP Senators to vote against the civil rights bill, 27 of his colleagues to the contrary. In 1959-60, when Republican Senators backed their President on 70 percent of his foreign policy recommendations, Senator Goldwater's record of support was 26 percent. Goldwater's minority standing among the Republican

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rank and file was evidenced in the Gallup Poll of July 12, which showed 60 percent of the Republican voters preferring Governor Scranton, 34 percent Senator Goldwater.

A political generation ago, nearly 40 percent of the electorate identified themselves as Republicans; by 1964, the proportion had dwindled to less than a quarter. This depletion helps account for the Goldwater phenomenon. It has been easier for a relatively marginal group to move in and take over. Charles Percy, the party's candidate for Governor in Illinois, personifies the plight of outnumbered, outmaneuvered moderates within the party organization. In a roll call on Presidential preferences at the state convention, he passed and instructed the clerk to note him with whatever majority emerged. He was the leader; whatever the rest wanted, he would tag along. And so would his mentor, General Eisenhower. Now they are refugees in their own camp, though the General seems not to know it, or not to care very much.

Opinion abroad, in which the Senator's followers are little interested, has been predictably uniform. The *Times* of London recoils at "the sight of a major party endorsing and promoting a man so blatantly out of touch with reality, so wild in his foreign policy, so backward in his domestic ideas, and so inconsistent in his thinking. . . ." The Frankfurter *Rundschau* comments that "Goldwater is not only conservative, but, what is much more dangerous, a confused and weak man who hides his weakness and uncertainty with fiery speeches." The *Svenska Dagbladet* of Stockholm thinks "the Communists will surely make use of his victory in their special way. For the US allies, this remarkable political incident is bound to appear as a handicap." The *Het Loatste Nieuws* of Brussels writes: "Even if one takes Goldwater's speeches with a grain of salt, the fact remains that this man *is* dangerous." And Amsterdam's Christian Democratic *Volksvant* concludes correctly that there is "a political jungle in America."

"Gee, Who Took My Elephant?"

Philosophy or no philosophy, Goldwater wants to win. He must try, therefore, to keep the fanatics in check and to soften some of his more outrageous views. But to expect the transformation of the New Men into sensible statesmen because they are ambitious, or to think that the choice in '64 will turn out to be only one of degree or personality, is to misread the revolution within the Republican Party. The GOP may re-emerge as a reasonable alternative in national politics; temporarily it has become a revivalist sect, preaching an Old Time Religion in which to believe is to be saved.

Although many of the Goldwater delegates in San Francisco were more concerned with their local situation than with broad national issues, there was nevertheless a consensus among them – suspicion of government and antipathy to Communism. Now, all good Americans will say amen to that. The pertinent political questions are the ones that follow. What, precisely, *are* the tasks of contemporary government? What *are* the most effective counters to Communism? On the latter question, the 1964 nominee has been more explicit and more extravagant than on the former.

The Goldwater Party believes that this evil doctrine (it is never a Way of Life, only Americans have that), whether of the Russian, Chinese, Cuban, Hungarian or Yugoslavian variety, is an undifferentiated, present danger to our national survival, and that if we huff and puff we can blow it down. It believes that large segments of the world, having been corrupted by Socialist solutions and by liberal ventures in welfare legislation, must be set straight. In a word, the New Men see themselves as a saving remnant in a world rushing toward collectivism, or at least un-Americanism. The United States has a Manifest Destiny to rescue, now, those who, because they are Communists or because they have a misguided preference for neutrality, are the children of darkness. If Americans will it, they can have "victory" because America has the means. Our nuclear and economic strength permits us to threaten and prevail, or to triumph if any are so foolish as to defy us. The extremes to which this attitude is pushed carry the doctrine of continuous brinkmanship far beyond the more

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measured calculations of the late John Foster Dulles. By comparison, Theodore Roosevelt's pugnacity was discreet and his big stick a toothpick.

The Goldwater Party offers an equally radical program at home. Anti-government is the common denominator here, and as corollary, state rights – letting Southern whites, for example, decide whether, when and how to give the blessings of liberty to Southern Negroes. In the name of freedom, the New Men of Republicanism deny the duty of the national government to protect the individual's freedom to reside where he chooses or to receive service in public accommodations or to be educated, without discrimination because of color. In place of legally-enforced equality of rights, it substitutes a "change of heart," thus confusing justice with charity. The Goldwater Party believes that the structure of federal responsibility that has been built up over 50 years can and should be dismantled – not all at once, but bit by bit. It would substitute fragmented authority, private, state and municipal – confident that these diverse authorities can do what needs to be done at less cost to personal liberty and to taxpayers. It would take from the federal government as much responsibility as it dared for civil rights, full employment, an equitable division of national wealth, education. The conservation of resources, the stability of agriculture, the training of a work force for an automated age, the availability of decent medical care – such problems it wishes to leave to local initiative.

One dilemma is obvious. The New Men want to roll back Communism abroad, at the same time rolling back government at home. They think they can have a garrison foreign policy without a garrison state; a nation willing at any moment to risk war anywhere and to "win" it, without imposing strong controls over the domestic economy.

If this bizarre substitute for rationality is rejected at the polls this year, its enthusiasts may deny that it has had a fair test. Having insisted that a "real" alternative is due the electorate, and having won that point by the nomination of Goldwater and Miller, the repudiated minority will want an excuse, and it will find one – the "liberal" press, well-financed "subversive" influences, strong-arm methods of the incumbent Democratic Administration, the intrigues of Eastern bankers and internationalists. Anything and everything but the implausibility of their own case.

Meanwhile, they have to be understood as something new. When Senator Goldwater said several days before his nomination that: "I don't propose any change of direction [for the GOP]," he was dissembling or he is unable to distinguish behind from ahead. Governor Scranton did not have the whole truth either, when he described the forces that triumphed in San Francisco as "an incredible fringe." Incredible they are, but a fringe of the Republican Party no longer.

GOP Platform

Comparing the 1964 with the 1960 Republican platform on foreign affairs is like studying a fever chart that traces the course of a mysterious debilitating disease. This one might well be called regressive infantilism. The 1960 platform talked about Communist imperialism; but it emphasized a deep concern about the mounting nuclear arms race, and it pledged the party to a bipartisan foreign policy to strengthen the United Nations and seek nuclear and disarmament agreements with Russia. By contrast, the 1964 document longs for the chance to downgrade the United Nations and sneers at the nuclear test-ban treaty (which Senator Goldwater voted not to ratify) as if the Russians had already been caught breaking it.

It is also a container for bits of pure ignorance that are Goldwater's hallmark. For instance, the platform says that the Republicans will never rest until they revitalize the UN's original purpose; but the original purpose was for the United States and the Soviet Union to work as partners at keeping the peace, whereas the Goldwaterites probably think the UN was created to fight the Korean War. A more extraordinary passage is the one about "Communist-dominated nations." The 1960 platform modestly hoped for eventual freedom for 10 nations, by name, but was careful to stress that Republican promises ought to be rational and practical. The 1964 platform boldly talks about liberating 15 Communist-dominated nations. The five it adds are: Cuba, China, Yugoslavia, Ukraine and Armenia. The Ukraine is a constituent republic of the Soviet Union and contains eight important Russian cities, including Kiev, Kharkov and Odessa (since 1789). There is a Turkish Armenia and a Soviet Armenia. What is now the Armenian Soviet Socialist Republic was ceded by Turkey to Russia in 1878. Do the Goldwaterites propose to revive the "Armenian Question," which plagued Europe from 1878 to 1919?

Echoes of the Communist Chinese! From the Cow Palace and from Peking come promises of "victory" through a brinkmanship whose premise is that the enemy is a paper tiger. Just as the Chinese are not content to take on only the capitalists but wage wordy war with Soviet Russia as well, so the Republican platform spurns the idea of taking any tactical advantage of the Sino-Soviet split, and squares up to both Russia and China. In order to round off the parallel with the Chinese, the Republican platform ought to have said that if war does come the private-enterprise part of mankind will gloriously survive but the Communist part will bite the radioactive dust.

The platform then says that the Berlin Wall will have to come tumbling down before any negotiations with Russia *about the treaties affecting Germany*. But even the Germans do not seriously expect reunification of

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Business Worries about Barry

A lot of big business was in a panic even before Goldwater's nomination: there was a persistent shift by investors into defensive, anti-recession stocks. Why should any businessman think that Goldwater might bring on a recession? Because, though for years they have deplored and denounced government regulations and federal spending, they have come to depend on them. The last thing they really want is what Goldwater calls a free economy, with total competition and no tariffs, subsidies or fat federal contracts.

How business looks on Goldwater when it is thinking not about politics but about finance is illustrated by an article in *Forbes*, by Bradbury K. Thurlow, who is a vice president and treasurer of the New York Stock Exchange firm of Winslow, Cohu and Stetson. When President Kennedy was shot last November, he notes, stocks fell, but only briefly. The flurry lasted only 20 minutes, and half the losses were made up by the time the market reopened after the President's funeral. But Goldwater's candidacy poses "the threat of a severe correction of prices, severe in proportion as he is thought to have a chance of winning the election next November." (And Thurlow thinks Goldwater's chances of winning are being too lightly dismissed.) He sees Goldwater as a threat to the market because Goldwater "leans far more strongly toward *laissez faire* economic views than any major Presidential candidate in a generation." But isn't *laissez faire* just what business wants from government? Not at all, for "such a policy would almost certainly lead to a sharp curtailment in government spending and an attempt to balance the federal budget": both, apparently, anathema to business and to the stock market. Thurlow explains: "The stock market has gradually acclimatized itself to *full acceptance* [our italics] of a strong centralized government with liberal political views and free-spending tendencies. The present price-level of leading, high-grade common stocks is based on the assumption that the federal government can and will prevent even a mild business recession from occurring and that it will not stop at inflationary measures to further these aims." That is part of the reason why LBJ and not Barry has the backing of the American Bankers Association, Henry Ford, and the Morgan Guaranty Trust Company.

the two Germanies (and so a peace treaty with a united Germany) in the foreseeable future. What the West has tried to do is to ensure the freedom of West Berlin, while trying to encourage nationalism in Central Europe. These efforts the Republicans dismiss as appeasement. Each time they attempt to spell out what they would do in a specific situation, a Frisco fog descends. For instance the platform talks big about the US consulting its allies instead of fawning on its enemies; but how would the Republicans talk de Gaulle around, or get other countries to quit trading with Cuba?

The West's success in relaxing tensions in Europe has encouraged General de Gaulle – also the Rumanians – to act more independently, to the annoyance of some in Washington and Moscow. It ought to be simple enough to see that NATO seems less taut because there is less tension. But that is one simplicity that is missing from the San Francisco platform.

Turning to problems at home, in 1960 the Republicans had a 1,500-word section on civil rights. The party pledged itself unreservedly to eradicate discrimination. It accused the Democrats of watering down Republican recommendations for dealing with what it called a national problem and a national responsibility. Promising more than just an equal right to vote, it professed to want to get rid of any sort of discrimination in housing, in schools and in jobs; and it reaffirmed a constitutional right to protest against discrimination practiced by private business establishments. The 1964 platform devotes exactly 66 curt words to the subject. It says the Republicans will improve civil rights statutes "adequate to changing needs," and will do whatever more may be needed to put an end to unlawful denials of the right to vote. Also promised, however, is "full and faithful execution" of the Civil Rights Act of 1964. This is the legislation that Senator Goldwater voted against because he believes that it is in part unconstitutional, and which he also declared could not be enforced save by police-state methods. It is therefore not surprising that the general consensus is that this year's references to civil rights are the weakest and most grudging ever to appear in a Republican platform. The conclusion is buttressed by the Republican convention's brusque treatment of the Negroes who attended it.

Four years ago the Republicans firmly supported the right of employers and unions to negotiate closed shops, and opposed right-to-work laws. Goldwater is for right-to-work laws, so the present platform talks about "restoring collective bargaining responsibility," meaning putting an end to closed shops wherever this can lawfully be done. And it also takes a swipe at the National Labor Relations Board, demanding its "complete reorganization" in order to halt what it calls "defiance of Congress by the present board." This seems to suggest that the board has decided more cases

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in favor of unions than the Republicans like – though the board has been as strict with unions as with employers, and all its awards can be appealed to the courts.

The 1960 platform endorsed federal aid for building public schools; the 1964 platform opposes it. The 1960 platform proposed that the rate of immigration be at least doubled; the 1964 platform wants only as much as will "reunite families." The 1960 platform condemned bigots; the 1964 convention booed anyone who dared condemn them. The 1960 platform asked for self-government for the District of Columbia; the 1964 platform dropped the demand. The 1960 platform said Republicans were proud to have protected the consumer against the hazard and economic waste of fraudulent and criminal practices in the market place. The 1964 platform says it will put an end to "the ceaseless pressing by the White House, the Food and Drug Administration and the Federal Trade Commission to dominate consumer decisions." What that means is hard to say: more deformed babies, perhaps.

Senator Goldwater hopes to get "white backlash" votes in the North as well as the South. But to attract such Democratic votes he has to do more than show coolness toward civil rights; he must offer assurances about welfare and social security. This to some extent the Republican platform does: it talks about revising the social security laws to allow elderly people to keep their benefits even if their earnings go up, and of "full coverage of all medical and hospital costs of needy, elderly people," to be financed by general revenues. It also promises tax cuts, and tax credits for college educations – and also to balance the budget *and* cut federal spending by $5 billion. "White backlash" voters who agree with Goldwater about civil rights, but who cherish their own rights when it comes to social security, medicare and effective labor unions, had better look this gift-horse closely in the mouth.

End of a Theater

Having been found guilty of interfering with the Internal Revenue Service when that agency was padlocking their theater in New York, Julian Beck and Judith Malina have been given prison terms – six weeks and three weeks respectively – and the Living Theater is now defunct. It is true that the Becks, in an attempt to keep their theater going, had refused to collect the federal tax on tickets, and that their subsequent behavior in the courtroom was far from laudatory.

Nevertheless, why should the Internal Revenue Service choose to close down the Living Theater and sell its meager assets when the customary way to recover delinquent taxes is to keep a plant in operation, if at all possible? In this instance the government has injured itself, for it has silenced one of the few American theatrical troupes to win substantial acclaim abroad. Indeed, in spite of the government's refusal either to support or recognize the Living Theater on its trip to Paris, it was, ironically, the United States government which received the Grand Prix when that group took acting honors in an international competition. Is it an American custom to exploit our cultural triumphs while harassing those who achieved them? We are less in danger today from anarchic individualism than from bureaucratic mindlessness. The prosecution of the Becks was a hollow legal victory at the cost of a resounding cultural defeat.

More Dead Fish

Farmers in Louisiana are spraying sugar cane with endrin; and, quite predictably, more fish are dying. Five new kills, of between 3,500 and 8,000 fish each, are reported by the state. This has been going on since 1958, but endrin remains in use because the government says there is no "scientific evidence" to prove that the pesticide washes off the land on which it is sprayed and into the water where the fish die. If the government admitted to having the evidence, then the pesticide would need to be strictly restricted in its use if not removed from the market, a course which the chemical industry is anxious to avoid at all costs.

Despite what the government says, there is much to indicate that pesticides such as endrin do run into the water even when pains are taken to spray the chemicals away from the water's edge. Controlled and careful application of DDT in Canada in the late 1950's resulted in poisoning streams and killing off most of the salmon which had lived in them. In 1950 chlorinated hydrocarbons were applied in heavy doses in Alabama to kill boll weevils; streams for miles around were drenched with pesticides, and fish died by the thousands. But government officials claim stepped-up surveillance of the lower Mississippi failed to reveal any increase in the very small amounts of endrin in the drinking water of towns along the river. Nor have samples of shellfish and fish – including the widely-marketed gulf coast shrimp – disclosed endrin.

Meanwhile, Mr. Johnson is asking Congress for $29 million more for pest control methods to replace chemical pesticides. More than $12 million of this total would go to the entomology section of the Department of Agriculture for basic research into biology of pests and plant diseases, as well as for the development of such non-chemical controls as sex attractants and male sterilants. Promising work has been done by this section, but until now it has had to get along on a piddling budget, with fewer staff members than in the 1930's.

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Drama at the Cow Palace

They Got Him

by Murray Kempton

ACT ONE

It is Anton Chekhov's play, and it will be his to the end. The old proprietors cannot yet believe that their estate will be sold up. But there were reports on the first night of this convention that Leonard Hall, the old servant the New York Republican establishment bequeathed to Eisenhower and Nixon, would be Barry Goldwater's campaign manager. True or not, that report carried us to the inevitable Chekhovian end.

So Leonard Hall is to play old Fiers, the servant, lying down to die in the empty house where his father was a bondsman before him:

> "Life has gone by, as if I haven't lived at all – *(Lying down)*. I'll lie down awhile – you haven't got any strength. Nothing is left, nothing – Ach, you – good for nothing – *(He lies still).*
> *(There is a far-off sound as if out of the sky, the sound of a snapped string dying away, sad. A stillness falls and there is only the thud of an ax on a tree, far away in the orchard.)"*

And before the play had opened in San Francisco, Lopahin, the practical man played by Senator Scott of Pennsylvania, had protested: ". . . Such odd, unbusinesslike people I never saw. You are told in plain Russian that your estate is about to be sold up and you just don't seem to take it in."

Gayeff, the hereditary proprietor, played perforce by William Scranton, speaks:

"Tomorrow I must go to town. They have promised to introduce me to a certain general who might make us a loan."

Lyuboff Andreevna, his sister, in her one line by Nelson Rockefeller:

"He's just raving. There aren't such generals."

On Monday afternoon, I stopped at the Press Headquarters of the Hilton to look at the scheduling blackboard headed "Press Conferences" to see what shouts might be rising from the last ditch. The blackboard was absolutely blank. Nothing ever does happen when the old owners, imprisoned in a dream, drift toward the moment when the first ax falls on the cherry orchard.

The keynote was the major event for Monday night, yet few of the proprietors passing or to come bothered to attend. The formal ceremonies of our national conventions are without flesh these days – a fault of the surrender of all party managers to television. The delegates are a studio audience in which the master of ceremonies does not even pretend an interest. Every note that is struck, every appeal that is made is directed at the living room. You cannot be asked in fairness to read a teleprompter and still attempt to communicate with real people in front of you. From the back of the Cow Palace, a figure almost too far away to be distinguished even by sex seemed to rise and the voice of Elly Peterson, her party's chairman for women, filtered through the blockade of cameras: "Tonight I speak to the American Mother whose son is even now crawling through the jungle muck of Vietnam."

In the last row on the floor an American mother wearing a Goldwater saucer stood up to solicit the autograph of Walter Winchell. Her son was probably profaning the lobby of the Mark Hopkins in some parade under a Goldwater placard and chanting "Hey, hey, all the way." But who could blame her for not listening to a rhetoric not really intended for her.

There are 11 Negro delegates here; they are objects of curiosity, as outsiders are on Chekhovian occasions. One after the other said, in the same flat language, that, of course, he could not support Goldwater in November. One wonders about any Negro left behind after the mass migration of most Negroes to the Democratic Party; it is hard not to think of him as a tenant accepting any cuff and saying "thank you" for any piece of fatback thrown him by the landlord. These bondsmen had resisted Roosevelt, Truman and Kennedy; now they were balking at Goldwater. One was a Nebraska delegate; he said his piece surrounded by the hate of a Goldwater delegation. Another was from New York; and, even as he spoke, the Rockefeller delegation around him seemed embarrassed, not because its members disagreed with his judgment of Goldwater but because they are regulars and no regular can under-

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stand a man who won't go along. Each Negro delegate then was alone. Together, they seemed to have taken their stand as Southern Negroes do – only when something utterly outrageous bursts upon their long endurance.

James Woodson of Topeka, Kansas, pronounced his version of the formula of Negro withdrawal and a bystander lost his patience: "Look, can't you just tell me in 10 words what you've really got against Barry Goldwater?"

"I've got nothing against Goldwater," Woodson answered. "Why don't you go ask him what he's got against me?"

The last privilege of proprietors who are being evicted is to choose the keynote speaker. In 1952, a Taft national committee chose Douglas MacArthur, and then the party passed to Dwight D. Eisenhower. This time, a Nixonish national committee chose Governor Mark Hatfield of Oregon, a moderate progressive, lean and cleanly handsome. This was the face of the young politicians who seized the future from the Taftites in 1952 and stood now, permitted to strike the keynote only at the moment they entered the past.

Mark Hatfield came to the one protest from the dying resistance his courtesy permitted him: "There are bigots in this nation who spew forth the venom of hate. They must be overcome, and this applies to the Ku Klux Klan, the Communist Party and the John Birch Society."

There was a rising from the depleted anti-Goldwater clusters on the floor, and their members stood perhaps 30 seconds, applauding anxiously. I walked about and looked at maybe 50 persons, one by one. About 35 of them wore Goldwater buttons, and not one stood up or applauded this attack on the Birch Society. It would be too simple, let alone unfair, to think that the Goldwater people are Birchers. But the enemy of their enemy is their friend. The faint annoyance on these faces told us all we need to know about what Barry Goldwater's nomination by a major political party means to American political discussion. We shall live this summer and fall through a national campaign in which the John Birch Society has been elevated to the status of a subject fit for debate.

I sat with an old Republican friend from the New York delegation and the conversation turned to how many votes Goldwater could expect on the island of Manhattan.

"You don't know at the moment," he answered. "In Manhattan, after all, you're talking about a big Jewish and Negro vote." But then his tone changed; he had started on the road no professional can avoid; he had begun the process of calculation. "Of course, there's Washington Heights, a lot of Irish and Italians and this bussing has them stirred up. You can't tell; that might help."

He caught himself, not from embarrassment at the words but from shame at the thought.

"Help," he went on. "I said the race issue could help. And do you know what the race issue does in New York in the summer? And I'm talking about using it. But there's nothing else to use. I'm not going to work very hard on this campaign. And it's not so much because I am against Goldwater. It's because when you think of how to work for him, you think of the white backlash. I'd have to end up thinking there was no other way to do my job. You don't dare mention it, but you got to hope for it. I got to protect myself against that; I'll just have not to take a job."

To be a professional artisan in the Republican Party in 1964 is to pick up the burden this journeyman from New York has decided he must refuse. It will be a duty to one's job to weigh the anti-Negro issue, to hope that George Wallace will trust Barry Goldwater enough to abandon the third-party ticket, to work this sewer because, as an engineer, one has to use any conduit there is.

There are no good tactics for a loser. Driven to a corner and sweating and mired as he is, a loser has few opportunities for seeming cool, assured and inflexible of purpose in public. On Sunday, Scranton said he would support Goldwater if the convention chose him; two hours later, his managers distributed over his signature a letter to Goldwater which told the Senator among other pleasantries that "Goldwaterism has come to stand for nuclear irresponsibility." On Monday afternoon, Scranton explained that he hadn't written the letter to Goldwater he had signed.

Scranton is an hereditary Republican landowner. It is not easy for heirs who watch the property slip away not to blame the servants. The proprietors of "The Cherry Orchard" move through dreams; but if they were wide awake, they could not change an end made inevitable by habit, history, and irrevocable mistakes.

ACT TWO

> *Lopahin:* In the old days it was fine. At least they flogged.
>
> *Fiers* (not hearing): But of course. The peasants stuck to the masters, the masters stuck to the peasants, and now everything is all smashed up, you can't tell about anything. – *The Cherry Orchard,* Act II.

This convention is historic because it is the emancipation of the serfs. An emancipation is always temporary, but at first, just as Fiers remembered, "everybody was happy." What they were happy about, "they didn't know themselves."

The serfs have seized the estate of their masters, and one comes closest to feeling their mood at a Southern caucus, Louisiana, where a delegate says: "The

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Lord has been good to us and given us until November 3 to save our Constitutional rights. We can stand at last and do something about the way this country has been drifting for the last 25 years."

At his press conference, General Eisenhower asked a questioner, "if you could give me concisely a definition of a conservative and a moderate." The answer is simple. A conservative delegate is one who believes that we have lived through a generation of government by treason; a moderate delegate is one who thinks this process was transiently interrupted in the early days of the Eisenhower Administration.

These Goldwater delegates in general think of Ike with affection, perhaps from the very knowledge that he was the first successful American politician to pose as an amateur and thus clear the path for the real thing. Senator Goldwater's managers have handled Eisenhower in a fashion that is a model from the Geneva Convention for the treatment of military prisoners of high rank. But if the General's resistance to capture had been less tacit, one doubts that the Goldwater enthusiasts could have stirred the crowd into any real burst of execration had they dragged him in chains behind their chariot wheels. The ordinary Goldwater delegate likes Eisenhower, but for that delegate there never was an Eisenhower Administration. He thinks of himself as having lived out his conscious political life under Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

To sit in a Southern Republican caucus is to feel at once that almost no one present and voting has ever met a political payroll. They can be simple-minded about Vietnam because they know nothing of government; when a man has never had even the political authority to vote the contract for a municipal gravel pit, you can hardly expect him to be patient with the suggestion that the government of the United States might involve certain complexities.

Not long ago, President Johnson asked Hugh Scott, "All right, Scotty, tell me, what would you do about Vietnam?"

"That, Mr. President," Senator Scott answered, "is a most unfair question." Such is the language of professionals that it is incomprehensible to at least 300 of the 700 delegates who most willingly give Barry Goldwater their party's nomination. Their amateur spirit has not only captured this convention but even infected its platform. There is no way to describe this document except as "reactionary" in that word's most profound sense, a motor that cannot move except to react. The platform begins with an underlying assumption that, on matters of public health, Lyndon Johnson consults every authority except the American Medical Association; and so, automatically, the Republican platform consults only the AMA.

This ragbag of bilious public prejudices and shabby private greeds can be blamed in part on the distraction of the moderates by their commitment to pleasing the vanity of the General who was their one hope. They fought so hard for one sentence of commendation for Dwight D. Eisenhower that they forgot the detail of their real business, which was to express the conception that government is a process of solving problems.

The platform debate was the last poor hope of the resistance. It was a faint hope. The issues the Rockefeller-Scranton-Romney Neighborhood Improvement Association had picked were not of the sort that commend themselves to the professionals present or to a majority of the amateurs. The resisters wanted a stronger plank on civil rights; they wanted to pledge President Goldwater not to share his exclusive option to discharge nuclear weapons with commanders in the field. But an obvious majority of these delegates support Barry Goldwater, even though he voted against the civil rights bill, and 257 delegates are proud of him for doing it. An obvious majority also trust him to be Jove with the thunderbolts and would hardly deny him the right to entrust them to lesser gods in his service. The resistance had also offered a plank to "repudiate the efforts" of the Communists, the Kluxers and the Birchers "to infiltrate the Republican Party."

Room was made on the agenda for three hours of debate on these amendments. The minority speakers were all to be marshals of the Old Empire – former Secretary of State Herter for the nuclear amendment, George Romney on civil rights, Rockefeller on the Birchers. General Eisenhower was to speak the same night, and it would have been grand if all these marshals had come before him, to lay the banners of their division at the Emperor's feet as he departed to St. Helena, as guest of George Humphrey. But it was not to be. He would not be there to hear them.

What Hugh Scott had called the struggle for the soul of the Republican Party turned out to be a quarrel for prime television time. The prize is the great Eastern audience whose clocks read midnight three hours before those in San Francisco. The captains of the resistance wanted their Eastern population to see how they fought; the managers wanted the spectacle of fratricide to be exposed to as few as possible. In any dark night of a party's soul, it had best be three o'clock in the morning back East. So the professionals who run conventions and who are conscripts in the service of the winner postponed the debate until after General Eisenhower spoke, as a courtesy to a man who would certainly want to sleep through any discussion of the Republican soul. The General's greeting was as warm as he could have wanted, and after he went home, Chairman Thruston Morton announced that the whole platform must be read aloud to the delegates. This was a neat tactic since it would consume 90 minutes, postponing the awkward disputes until midnight in New York and 11 p.m. in Chicago. And you can count on

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losing even a television audience with 9,000 words of the kind of prose of men who had not been hired to write a line for anyone since the death of Senator Kenneth Wheary. Senator Scott was observed looking at his watch; he was a fighter counting the clock.

It was 10 minutes to 12 back East as Hugh Scott came to the microphone and, easy, affable, and so much the man you could live with, offered his motion to condemn the extremists. Suddenly there stood Rockefeller, the one man these people cannot live with, the one sight to make them burst any cage their managers designed for them. The Goldwater delegates were reasonably tranquil; it was their gallery that broke. The California Goldwater delegation had naturally given its seat allotments to volunteers who worked most passionately in the primary. These are not representatives to be set forth in public view. Their first cry was like the one the crowds in Little Rock made when they saw the first Negro child get out of a car and start toward the school. "It is essential," Rockefeller read, "that this convention repudiate here and now any doctrinaire militant minority." The boos drowned him out. The professionals had granted him five minutes; his enemies by their interruptions were extending him 10. They had to act like Birchers; they had to give the man they hated the only kind of human exhibit which would suggest that he might be talking about something real and live. Rockefeller had only written a speech; it took his enemies to hand him his demonstration kit.

At one point Thruston Morton said that the delegate had exhausted his time. Rockefeller turned and said with a contempt so large that he did not even bother to assume the tone of contempt, "It is not my fault that you can't control the audience."

He was looking at Thruston Morton, a professional who had accepted a Goldwater Party and might even think of having some part in its control. He was telling the professionals where this acceptance had brought them now. "Look," he was saying, "it's not my fault; I did my job; look at these people and tell me now that they can be controlled by the likes of you."

There is a story that George Humphrey took General Eisenhower out of active service against Goldwater by saying that if the General persisted in a losing fight, he could expect to be booed at this convention. But Rockefeller was proving that there are people who give a man dignity when they boo him and not when they cheer him.

The rest of that evening was quiet and decorous; dignity had been restored after it was no longer useful. The East went to bed, the minority speakers went faithfully through the effort to make their point by themselves. They could not succeed by themselves, but then they didn't need to. The Goldwater gallery had done it all for them.

ACT THREE

"In a few days, we shall return home," were the first words of Everett McKinley Dirksen in nominating Barry Goldwater. "We shall have had the energizing fellowship of a spirited national convention." Mockery has no more faithful servant than Everett Dirksen. The Goldwater delegates sat, like all winners before them, in a state of lonely exhaustion, and he called it "energizing fellowship." The Goldwater galleries had longed for their nation's deliverance; now they asked only their own deliverance from the cruel processes of further nominating and seconding speeches. It went on for seven hours. They watched the wrigglings of the dying opposition they had long hated as indifferently as they heard the words of the conquering John Tower at whose side they had fought. Even Governor Nelson Rockefeller was just one more occasion for boredom.

In the seventh hour, Wilbur Brucker, who had been Eisenhower's Secretary of the Army, was announced to second George Romney, and he bubbled on and on until all sides longed only for him to cease. Brucker was the last voice from the Eisenhower Administration, the man who is never bored because to be boring is the ultimate pleasure. And then even the Eisenhower Administration yielded up the ghost, and the business could be done.

There remained only the moment of the appointed parody of fellowship. William Scranton came bouncing to the podium, the figure he usually is in crisis, the good boy brought downstairs to be polite to the strangers or his mummy's friends, and to imitate enthusiasm for the opinions they express. He said that he and Mary would campaign for Goldwater and mummy's friends cheered him for what a good boy he is. He had to be Gayeff the day the orchard was sold: "Yes indeed everything is fine now. Before the sale of the cherry orchard we all were troubled, distressed, and then when the question was settled definitely, irrevocably, we all calmed down and were even cheerful."

There remained New York. Rockefeller was not there; he trusted his servants. Goldwater states that do not even have a Republican county clerk kept shouting to Thruston Morton that New York wanted to be recognized. New York did not even look up. After a while, Fred Young, their chairman, took the microphone and said: "Mr. Chairman, New York moves to make it unanimous, with five abstained."

Someone asked Rockefeller at the Sheraton Palace later which of the delegates had abstained. The Governor answered that there had been no poll. "Fred just threw in five abstentions. They're up for grabs. Anybody in the delegation can claim one if he wants to." A great prince knows how to give his servants their wages.

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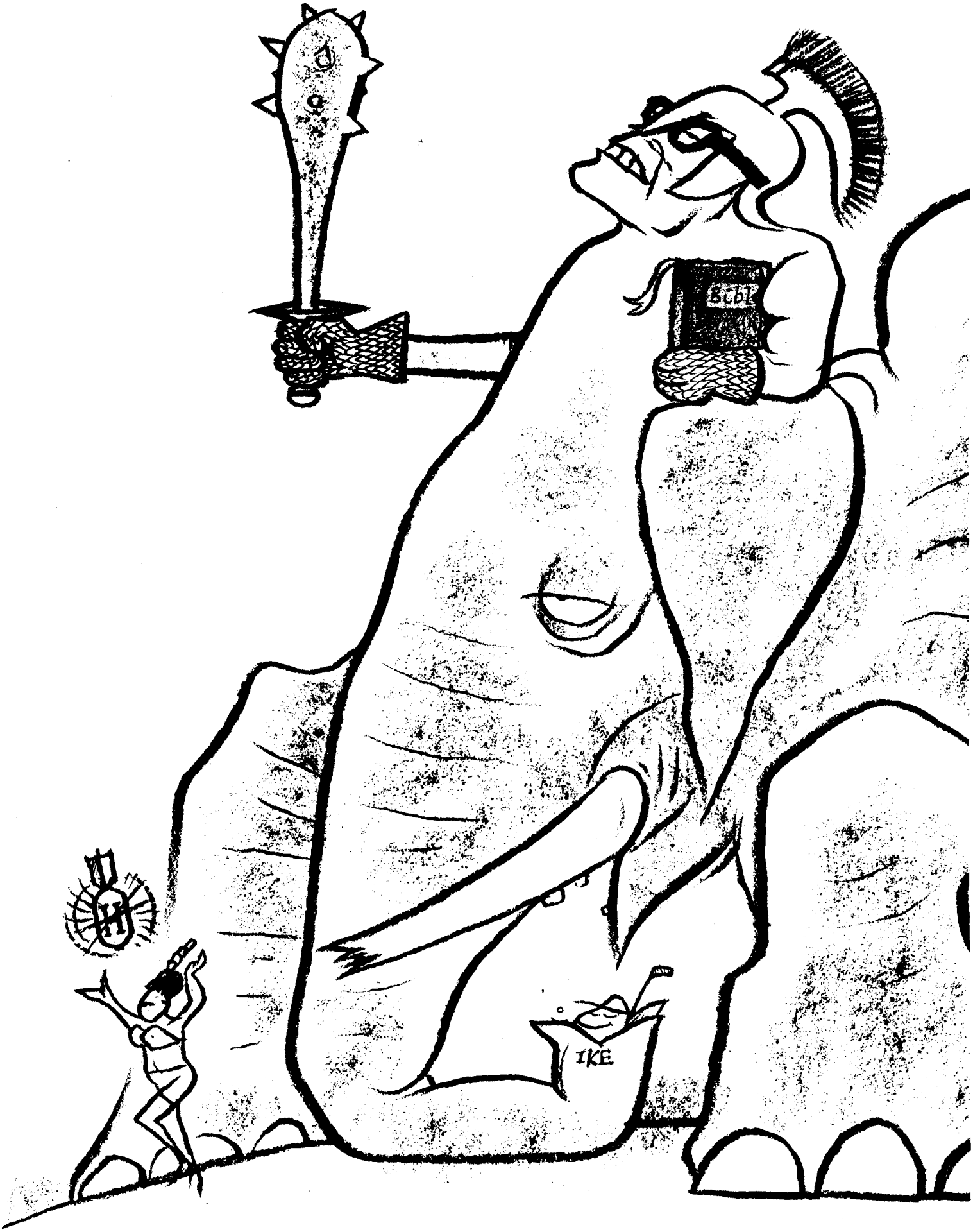

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FOREIGN POLICY *Some Thoughts of the Nominee*

United Nations

"I fear that our involvement in the United Nations may be leading to an unconstitutional surrender of American sovereignty." – *"Conscience of a Conservative," 1960.*

"I believe in the United Nations." – *Interview, Mutual Broadcasting System, June 21, 1964.*

"Unless we revise the UN Charter, I can see no reason for any Western power to stay in the United Nations." – *Press Conference, Keene, New Hampshire, January 22, 1964.*

"[I have come to the] reluctant conclusion that the United States no longer has a place in the United Nations." – *Speech in Phoenix, December 20, 1961.*

"Well, Governor Rockefeller goes farther. He says that I advocated getting out of the United Nations, and I can't recall ever having said that, and I wish he'd point out where I had if he has the information." – *Meet the Press, January 5, 1964.*

"The world is not yet ready for the UN and may not be for a hundred years. I can't get excited about staying in or getting out." – *Interview "Christian Science Monitor," July 25, 1963.*

"I've never advocated withdrawing from the United Nations; in fact I've given more support to the United Nations than some of my critics." – *Interview, "Der Spiegel," June 30, 1964.*

Vietnam

"I would not use atomic weapons when conventional weapons will do the job. But I would leave it up to the commanders." – *San Diego, May 26, 1964.*

"I'd drop a low-yield atomic bomb on Chinese supply lines in North Vietnam, or maybe shell 'em with the Seventh Fleet." – *"Newsweek," May 20, 1963.*

"I would turn to my Joint Chiefs of Staff and say: Fellows, we made the decision to win, now it's your problem." – *Interview, "Der Spiegel."*

Foreign Aid

"One of the most important things for Congress to do is to stop foreign economic aid." – *New York City, December 8, 1960.*

"This business of the United States just 'willy-nilly' giving billions of dollars away and receiving nothing in return – I can't buy that. We can't afford it." – *Interview, "Der Spiegel."*

"Foreign military aid and technical assistance are valuable adjuncts to our over-all program of mutual security." – *"Goldwater Issues Review," published by the Goldwater-for-President Committee, Spring, 1964.*

Diplomatic Recognition

"We should declare the world Communist movement an outlaw in the community of civilized nations. Accordingly, we should withdraw diplomatic recognition from all Communist governments, including that of the Soviet Union, thereby serving notice on the world that we regard such governments as neither legitimate nor permanent." – *"Conscience of a Conservative," 1960.*

"I have always favored withdrawing recognition from Russia." – *Interview, "US News and World Report," September 2, 1963.*

"We have to keep in mind, though, this [withdrawing recognition] would take an action of the Senate of the United States. It is not just a whim of a President." – *Meet the Press, January 5, 1964.*

Brinkmanship

"People yell and scream about brinkmanship and how awful it was when Mr. Kennedy took it [in Cuba] yet, literally, this happens in every case, and this is the only thing that the Communists seem to understand. We have to take a strong stand and sometimes that strong stand is very acute and highly tenuous but it's worked every time we've done it. It worked in Lebanon; it worked in Cuba; it worked in Berlin." – *Press Conference, December 19, 1963.*

"The NATO commander should not be required to wait while the White House calls a conference to decide whether these [tactical nuclear] weapons should be used." – *Press Conference, Reno, Nevada, February 13, 1964.*

"... The United States is strong enough militarily to do pretty much what she wants to do with Russia." – *Interview, "Der Spiegel."*

Victory

"This struggle today is a struggle between Godless people and the people of God. . . . I claim we cannot live with these two philosophies in the world forever. Sometime there'll only be one." – *Interview, "Der Spiegel."*

"I'll have to admit that I possibly do shoot from the hip. I'll have to admit also that, while I'm not the most intelligent man in the world, and a lot of people think I'm quite ignorant, that I've traveled more in this world, I've done more things, I've experienced more things probably than most men of this Congress. So I've been exposed to problems and I don't have to stop and think in detail about them." – *Interview, "Der Spiegel."*

"The only Summit meeting that can succeed is one that does not take place. . . ." – *"Why Not Victory," 1962.*

"We must impose, again, an effective economic-military blockade of Cuba." – *Interview, Associated Press, July 5, 1964.*

"The defense policies of this Administration add up, in effect, to unilateral disarmament." – *Interview, Associated Press, July 5, 1964.*

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MISSISSIPPI

I—*When Law Collides with Custom*

by Christopher Jencks

Jackson, Mississippi

The only way to avoid despair about the future of Mississippi is to compare the present with the comparatively distant past. An eyewitness account of a lynching in 1904 includes the following: "When the two Negroes were captured, they were tied to trees and while the funeral pyres were being prepared, they were forced to hold out their hands while one finger at a time was chopped off. The fingers were distributed as souvenirs. The ears of the murderers were cut off. Holbert was beaten severely, his skull was fractured, and one of his eyes, knocked out with a stick, hung by a shred from the socket. Some of the mob used a large corkscrew to bore into the flesh of the man and woman. It was applied to their arms, legs and body, then pulled out, the spirals tearing out big pieces of raw, quivering flesh every time it was withdrawn."

Holbert was accused of having murdered a white man; Holbert's wife was apparently killed gratuitously. Three other unidentified Negroes were also reported killed by this mob of 1,000 white Mississippians.

Nobody can be certain that such a scene will not be re-enacted in 1964, either in Mississippi or elsewhere in America. But it has not been duplicated in recent years. Today's Mississippi killing typically takes a different form, of which the following is an unusually well-documented example. On September 25, 1961, a state legislator from Amite County, E. H. Hurst, got into a heated argument with a local Negro, Herbert Lee. The argument is said to have concerned a real estate deal, although Lee had also been urging his Negro neighbors to register to vote. The upshot of the argument was that Hurst, in broad daylight, shot Lee dead in downtown Liberty, Mississippi. At the coroner's inquest Hurst maintained that Lee had threatened him with a tire iron, and that the killing had not been deliberate. Had the killing taken place in 1904, that would have been the end of it. Hurst's word would have been accepted, and skeptics, black or white, would have held their peace. But by 1961 the climate of opinion had changed enough so that local authorities thought it appropriate to produce a witness to confirm Hurst's version of the killing. The witness, a Negro friend of Lee's named Louis Allen, supported Hurst's story. Eighteen months later, however, Allen told a civil rights investigator that he had perjured himself at the inquest because of police threats, and that Lee had not had the tire iron in his hand when Hurst shot him. A year after that, on January 31, 1964, Allen was killed in front of his home by three blasts from a shotgun. The killer escaped, apparently unobserved.

What does this prove? Not that Negroes are protected by the law in 1964 where they were not in 1904, but that white Mississippi today feels obliged to pretend that they are. If the police beat a man, they must tell the world that he was "resisting arrest," even though they and everyone else in town may know that what they mean is that he was "a goddamned nigger [or worse still, a nigger-lover], who deserved what he got." If the sheriff shoots a Negro he must claim that the prisoner was "trying to escape," and if a civilian does the same thing he must produce half a dozen witnesses who swear he was asleep in another city at the time of the murder.

Hypocrisy is not without its uses. If a sheriff feels obliged to claim that a Negro was resisting arrest, instead of simply proclaiming every white man's God-given right to beat any black man who does not take his fancy, then the sheriff (or his successor) leaves himself open to rebuttal as to his facts. The first NAACP lawyer who produces witnesses to deny the sheriff's story may not move the jury, but the next one may. The tribute which vice pays to virtue may gradually transform an irreconcilable conflict over values into a manageable argument over what actually happened.

The results of this transformation in Mississippi do not at first glance seem impressive to the visitor. Lynchings have become infrequent, but there are still many counties where a white man can kill a Negro with impunity. (Reliable statistics on this point are hard to assemble. The recent discovery of two bodies in the Mississippi illustrates the fact that the "disappearance" of an ordinary Mississippi Negro is seldom thoroughly

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investigated either by local or national authorities. One must be "somebody" – a Medgar Evers or a member of the Mississippi Summer Project – to seize the attention of the FBI.) Nevertheless, it is almost certainly accurate to say that Negroes are safer in Mississippi today than they were 60 years ago, though perhaps not safer than 10 years ago. Or, to put it the other way around, it is probable that if a voter registration project comparable to SNCC's 1960-64 effort had been undertaken in 1900-1904, the result would not have been half a dozen deaths but hundreds or thousands.

Except by comparison with its own bloody past, however, Mississippi offers little grounds for satisfaction. Not that the crime rate is high; on the contrary, it is the second lowest in the nation. Mississippians are considerably less likely than the residents of other states to rob and rape their neighbors. Mississippians are partial only to a rather special sort of behavior which I would term "defiance of the law." Faith in the law seems to remain a minority taste – and that goes not only for the law as proclaimed by the Supreme Court in 1954 and by the President and the US Congress in 1957, 1960 and 1964, but for the law as proclaimed year after year by the Mississippi legislature and by local aldermen and magistrates. A very large number of Mississippians seem to feel that nobody, whatever his nominal authority, has a right to thwart their personal will or whimsy. The man or institution that stands in the way becomes a challenge to courage and virility. (This attitude is found in other parts of the country too. But it is largely confined to adolescents, who are not likely to be the authors of the laws they then proceed to defy.)

Mississippi's rebellious state of mind strikes outsiders most forcibly when white supremacy is challenged, but it extends to other areas. Mississippi's fundamentalist ministers, for example, long ago cajoled the Mississippi legislature into prohibiting the sale of hard liquor in the state. The law is openly defied almost everywhere – even in the legislature, which taxes the very liquor whose sale it prohibits. ("It may be against God's law to drink it," one legislator explained, "but it ain't against God's law to tax it.")

In part, this outlook is the legacy of the frontier, a heritage which seems stronger in Mississippi than in many more westerly states. Mississippians still show the distrust for "educated folk" which was characteristic of the frontier, and this carries over into a distrust of the elaborate abstractions, formalities and complexities of the courts. Lynching was one expression of such distrust, dueling another. Both have died out, but there are still many who would rather settle an argument with a shotgun than through litigation. Gunplay has the aura of true democracy, for here equality is limited only by luck and skill.

But the frontier is not the only explanation. There is another hoary American tradition, dating back at least as far as the Revolution, which suggests that when the law of the land contradicts the *mores*, an appeal to "natural law," or "higher law" can justify defiance or even insurrection. Several times in Mississippi I heard sentences that began – "The law is all very well as far as it goes, but. . . ." What followed was always the same in substance: "The law is all very well as far as it goes, but if it doesn't go where we want it to go, or as far as we want it to go, then there is really no law at all." Over and over people said to me of Neshoba County's three "missing" civil rights workers what Ross Barnett had said on television: "Of course I don't approve of murder, but those kids were asking for trouble." Most Mississippians I met claimed to prefer the thought that Negroes might one day vote in large numbers, acquire better jobs than themselves, or even swim in the same pools as their daughters, to the thought of widespread racial murder. (Murder can, after all, work both ways.) But these Mississippians understood that some of their neighbors had a different hierarchy of values, and they were seldom entirely certain their neighbors were wrong. As for the fact that it is *legal*, even under Mississippi law, to urge Negroes to vote, to organize community centers, and to investigate church burnings – well, only two or three of the white Mississippians to whom I talked mentioned this fact. It might be legal, but it was still "asking for trouble," and those who have any such impulse are encouraged to move elsewhere.

"Tall with Paul"

Most Mississippians would regard my remarks as libelous and typical of the national press. They would point to their crime rate to prove that they are among the most law-abiding people in the nation. Let me therefore repeat my point. Where the law coincides with local *mores*, Mississippians are law-abiding – none more so. But where the law is not backed up by local *mores* they treat it with contempt.

The results are plain to see. At the state level it means that a Governor is elected not to enforce the law but to preserve the *status quo* by defying it. Last year, for example, J. P. Coleman ran for Governor on a platform of preserving segregation while "maintaining law and order." He was opposed by Paul Johnson, who promised to preserve segregation by defying federal law, letting the chips fall where they may. This was precisely what he had done the previous year when he "stood in the schoolhouse door" at Ole Miss and helped provoke a bloody riot. Sixty percent of Mississippi's registered voters decided to "Stand Tall with Paul."

The man to beat in the 1967 gubernatorial race is Ross Barnett. (Mississippi Governors cannot succeed themselves, but they can serve more than one term.)

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Barnett's most likely opponent is Carroll Gartin, currently the Lieutenant Governor. Gartin is not known as a man of any particular convictions. Like Paul Johnson he would undoubtedly run on whatever platform seemed most likely to win the election. But his major effort at self-promotion so far has been an (unsuccessful) effort to revoke the charter of Tougaloo College. (Tougaloo is a small private Negro college outside Jackson, some of whose students and teachers have participated in civil rights activity.) The only "moderate" with any political prospects is the State Treasurer, William Winter. In the current atmosphere there is no reason to think Winter would do any better at the polls than Coleman did.

There have, of course, been some hints that the political climate of the state is changing. On July 3 the Executive Board of the Jackson Chamber of Commerce unanimously adopted a resolution urging compliance with the newly-enacted Civil Rights Act. Despite bitter criticism from the state legislature and the local Citizens' Council, the Mayor of Jackson supported the Chamber, and used the local police to assure order where "race mixing" was taking place. This same Mayor spent the winter arming his police force with automatic weapons in preparation for the "invasion" of the state by civil rights workers. The Jackson Chamber and Mayor want to avoid disorder, and they will pay almost any price, including token integration. Order is important for daily sales, for attracting outside capital to the city, for persuading national organizations to open branch offices in Jackson, and for the personal safety of those middle-class citizens who no longer welcome a good fight. If order can best be maintained by complying with the law, as now seems the case, then the Mayor and the Chamber will advocate compliance. But – and it is an important "but" – if order seemed more easily maintained by defying or ignoring the law, as was the case in earlier years when Negroes were demonstrating in the streets and trying to eat in downtown bus facilities, the law would have been ignored. Nothing that I saw or was told in Jackson suggested that either the Mayor or the Chamber was concerned about the legal "rights" of the black citizens of Jackson except insofar as those rights are backed by force or threats of force. If a situation were to arise where it seemed easier to suppress the rights of Negroes than to protect them, the Mayor is very likely to choose the path of suppression and the Chamber of Commerce can be expected to acquiesce.

The "moderate" in Mississippi is no less a white supremacist than the "extremist." He is just more of a realist. He recognizes the risks of defying the federal government, and when he sees a direct confrontation ahead he prefers negotiation to violence. Unless he is confronted with a direct threat to his livelihood or his safety, however, he takes no more interest in the constitutional rights of the Mississippi Negro than the Citizen's Council or the state legislature. (This is not to say that no white citizen of Mississippi is interested in Negro rights. But this little band of "liberals" is politically powerless.)

The Most Powerful Man

Let us suppose that by some miracle William Winter or his equivalent were elected Governor of Mississippi. What then? I kept asking Mississippians this question, for the White House and the Justice Department are still hoping that somehow Mississippi can solve its own problem with minimal outside force.

A moderate Governor would have comparatively limited power, even if his goal were merely to keep order and avoid violence. It is often said in Jackson that the most powerful man in the state is not the Governor, who cannot succeed himself, but the Speaker of the House, who seems to go on forever. The current Speaker, Walter Sillers, has held power since 1944. He runs the House in the same autocratic fashion as old Joe Cannon ran the US House of Representatives, before the creation of the Rules Committee. Sillers appoints the members and chairmen of every committee of the House. He also assigns every bill to the committee of his choice. He is acknowledged to have a veto over all legislative proposals, and he is a die-hard segregationist.

The only recent challenge to Sillers' power came in 1956. At that time William Winter was a member of the House and ran against Sillers for the Speakership. He promised that if elected he would democratize the House, as well as provide more moderate leadership. Winter assumed he would have the backing of the newly-elected Governor, J. P. Coleman. At the last minute, however, Coleman became convinced that even if he backed Winter publicly, Sillers would still be re-elected. This would have killed Coleman's legislative program before his term had even begun. So Coleman said nothing and Winter was defeated. Nobody is likely to challenge Sillers soon again, and even if he dies, none of the possible successors will differ from him in important respects.

Even a Governor who could control his legislature would have to initiate major changes in Mississippi's traditional institutions if he wanted to uphold the law in some parts of the state. Mississippi has a strong tradition of local autonomy, and the powers of the Governor *vis à vis* local authorities are in some respects even less than the powers of the President. Until this year, for example, Mississippi did not have a state police force. There was only the highway patrol, with less than 300 members and strictly limited powers.

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Both its size and powers have recently been increased, but tradition still precludes its use for regular law enforcement unless there is a complete breakdown of local order.

Upholding Mississippi's numerous laws has traditionally been the responsibility of county sheriffs and judges. Both are elected by the registered voters of the county. The ballot box aside, there is virtually no check on the activities of these officials. They can twist or ignore both state and federal law with almost complete impunity, so long as 51 percent of the electorate supports them. The results vary, but the guarantees of Negro rights written into the US Constitution and various civil rights acts are nowhere greatly respected. There is no county in Mississippi where a sheriff or a judge could get elected if he enforced such rights at the expense of white supremacy. The difference between a "good" county and a "bad" county lies merely in whether white supremacy is maintained by orderly means, or whether violence against Negroes and white civil rights workers is regarded as legitimate.

At the moment, there are a substantial number of "bad" counties, where violence is openly accepted by the sheriff and either tacitly or openly by local judges. In one county the sheriff recently won election largely on the strength of the fact that he was known to have killed at least one Negro and possibly two. In this same county a local policeman is known to have participated in a church burning and beatings, apparently with the tacit consent of his superiors.

It is not entirely clear what can be done in such a situation. The Governor has *authority* to uphold the law, either by using the National Guard or the highway patrol. But the National Guard is not trained in law enforcement, and the highway patrolmen who work in the county also live there, and are not disposed to oppose its ways. When the NAACP tour reached Philadelphia, Mississippi, earlier in the month, and a violent mob seemed to be forming, the state troopers assigned to the group told newsmen that they had no intention of protecting anyone but themselves. Regardless of their intentions, the Governor had not assigned enough of them to the job to do much good. Yet if Governor Johnson cannot or will not protect a group of visiting celebrities in a known trouble spot, will he protect anyone else?

FBI Reluctance

Theoretically, the federal government can intervene to protect the rights of citizens, black or white, in a county of this sort. The President has authority to dispatch troops, marshals, FBI agents, former CIA Directors, or anyone else he thinks may help preserve or restore law and order. Both marshals and FBI agents have authority to make arrests, with or without a warrant, if they believe a violation of federal law is taking place in their presence or has just taken place. This authority has, however, been used extremely sparingly. The FBI is reluctant to make arrests unless there is a good chance of a conviction. Since anyone arrested is entitled to a local trial before a jury of his peers, the chance of a conviction is poor, regardless of the evidence. There are some civil rights workers who feel that wholesale arrests of their intimidators would have substantial deterrent value even if convictions proved unobtainable, but this view has evidently been rejected by the Justice Department. The FBI has made only three arrests this summer in Mississippi – at Itta Bena after local citizens had threatened voter registration workers. No action has been taken on similar incidents in a dozen other towns.

Civil rights workers would also like FBI agents, marshals, or both to protect their activities on a day-to-day basis. This would mean that instead of waiting until after a violation of federal law had taken place, reporting the facts to Washington, and making arrests only when authorized by the Justice Department, FBI agents would be told to use their own discretion and make arrests if and when they saw violations of federal law taking place just as state or local police now do. Statutory authority for such preventive action does exist (18 USC 3052). Whether this authority should be exercised is another matter. The Director of the FBI insists that "the Bureau is for investigation, not enforcement."

Federal efforts to enforce federal law are hampered by other anxieties. As already indicated, the most prominent violators of federal law are, in many cases, local sheriffs and police officers. On July 9, for example, when Mississippi agents of the FBI thought they were about to break the case of the three "missing" civil rights workers, they told newsmen that four law enforcement officers would be among those arrested. There are other counties where officers of the law could and should be arrested for violations of federal law. But it is improbable that such arrests would lead to convictions; it is even possible that they might lead to a complete breakdown of local law enforcement. One is forced to imagine FBI agents surrounding a local jail and arresting half a dozen policemen who are beating a civil rights worker, or federal marshals trying to arrest local sheriffs who are harassing would-be voters. Justice Department officials feel that this kind of direct confrontation between federal and local power could only end in martial law. They may well be right.

Another article will consider some of the alternatives proposed by the civil rights workers now active in the state, and will discuss the effects, both positive and negative, of their "Summer Project."

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The Stature of Theodore Dreiser

by Irving Howe

Do I exaggerate in saying that Theodore Dreiser has dropped out of the awareness of cultivated Americans? If so, it is but a slight exaggeration. Few young writers now model themselves on his career, and not many readers think of him as one of those literary figures whose word can transform the quality of their experience. Dreiser has suffered the fate that often besets writers caught up in cultural dispute: their work comes to seem inseparable from what has been said about it, their passion gets frozen into history.

Mention Dreiser to a bright student of literature, mention him to a literate older person, and only seldom will the response be a swift turning of memory to novels that have brought pleasure and illumination. Far more likely is a series of fixed associations – to a cragged, brooding, bear-like figure who dragged himself out of 19th Century poverty and provincialism, and in *Sister Carrie* composed a pioneering novel of sexual candor; or to a vague notion that the author of *The Financier* and *The Titan* turned out quantities of ill-tuned and turgid social documentation; or to a prepared judgment against a writer taken to be sluggish in thought and language, sluggishly accumulating data of destruction and failure, but deaf to the refinements of consciousness, dull to the play of sensibility, and drab, utterly and hopelessly drab in the quality of his mind.

The decline of Dreiser's reputation has not been an isolated event. It has occurred in the context, and surely as a consequence, of the counter-revolution in American culture during the past few decades. For readers educated in these years, Dreiser often became a symbol of everything a superior intelligence was supposed to avoid. For the New Critics, to whom the very possibility of a social novel seemed disagreeable; for literary students trained in the fine but narrow school of the Jamesian sensibility; for liberals easing into a modest gentility and inclined to replace a belief in social commitment with a search for personal distinction; for intellectuals delighted with the values of ambiguity, irony, complexity and impatient with the pieties of radicalism – for all such persons Dreiser became an object of disdain. He stood for an earlier age of scientism, materialism, agnosticism: all of which were now seen as hostile to the claims of moral freedom and responsibility. He represented the boorishness of the populist mentality, as it declined into anti-Semitism or veered toward a peculiarly thoughtless brand of Communism. He could not think: he could only fumble with the names of ideas. He could not write: he could only pile words on top of each other. He cared not for art as such, but only for the novel as a vehicle of social and "philosophical" ideas. He was uneducated, insensitive – the novelist as mastodon.

So the indictment went, frequently right in its details, and when coming from so temperate a critic as Lionel Trilling often persuasive in result. If a few literary men, like the novelist James T. Farrell and the critic Alfred Kazin, continued to praise Dreiser as a writer of massive and poignant effects, if they insisted that attention be paid to the novels he wrote rather than his foolish public declamations, they were not much heeded in the last few decades.

But now, when Dreiser's prejudices have begun to be forgotten and all that remains – all that need remain – are his three or four major novels, it is time for reconsideration. The early praise these books received may have been undiscriminating: we are not obliged to repeat it. Dreiser's role in assaulting the taboos of gentility can no longer excite us as once it did his admirers. And as for his faults, no great critical insight is required to identify them, since they glare out of every chapter, especially his solemnities as a cosmic voice and his habit of crushing the English language in a leaden embrace. Yet these faults are interwoven with large creative powers, and it can be argued that for the powers to be released there had first to be the triggering presence of the faults. Let me cite an example.

As a philosopher, Dreiser can often be tiresome; yet his very lust for metaphysics, his stubborn insistence upon learning "what it's all about," helped to deepen the emotional resources from which he drew as a novelist. For he came to feel that our existence demands from us an endless contemplativeness, even if – perhaps because – we cannot think through our problems or solve our mysteries. In the frustrations he encountered when trying to extract some conceptual order from the confusion and trouble of existence, he grew more closely involved, more *at one*, with the characters he created, also confused and troubled.

In the first task of the novelist, which is to create an imaginary social landscape both credible and significant, Dreiser ranks among the American giants, the very few American giants we have had. Reading *An American Tragedy* once again, after a lapse of more than twenty years, I have found myself greatly moved and shaken by its repeated onslaughts of narrative, its profound immersion in human suffering, its dredging up of those shapeless desires which lie, as if in fever, just below the plane of consciousness. How much more vibrant this book is than the usual accounts of it in recent criticism might lead one to suppose! It is a masterpiece, nothing less.

Dreiser published *An American Tragedy* in 1925. By then he was 54 years old, an established writer with his own fixed and hard-won ways, who had

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written three first-rate novels: *Sister Carrie, Jennie Gerhardt* and *The Financier*. These books are crowded with exact observation – observation worked closely into the grain of narrative – about the customs and class structure of American society in the phase of early finance capitalism. No other novelist has absorbed into his work as much knowledge as Dreiser had about American institutions: the mechanisms of business, the stifling rhythms of the factory, the inner hierarchy of a large hotel, the chicaneries of city politics, the status arrangements of rulers and ruled. For the most part Dreiser's characters are defined through their relationships to these institutions. They writhe and suffer to win a foothold in the slippery social world or to break out of the limits of established social norms. They exhaust themselves to gain success, they destroy themselves in acts of impulsive deviancy. But whatever their individual lot, they all act out the drama of determinism – which, in Dreiser's handling, is not at all the sort of listless fatality that hostile critics would make it seem, but is rather a fierce struggle by human beings to discover the limits of what is possible to them and thereby perhaps to enlarge those limits by an inch or two. That mostly they fail is Dreiser's tribute to reality.

This controlling pattern in Dreiser's novels has been well described by Bernard Rosenberg, a sociologist with a literary eye:

> "Emile Durkheim had suggested in Dreiser's day that when men speak of a force external to themselves which they are powerless to control, their subject is not God but social organization. This is also Dreiser's theme, and to it he brings a sense of religious awe and wonder. 'So well defined,' he writes, 'is the sphere of social activity, that he who departs from it is doomed.' . . . Durkheim identified social facts, i.e., the existence of norms, precisely as Dreiser did: by asking what would happen if they were violated. . . . Norms develop outside the individual consciousness and exist prior to it; we internalize them and are fully aware of their grip only when our behavior is deviant. Durkheim illustrated this proposition in a dozen different ways, and so did Dreiser."

In Dreiser's early novels most of the central characters are harried by a desire for personal affirmation, a desire they can neither articulate nor suppress. They suffer from a need that their lives assume the dignity of dramatic form, and they suffer terribly, not so much because they cannot satisfy this need, but because they do not really understand it. Money, worldly success, sensual gratification are the only ends they know or can name, but none of these slakes their restlessness. They grapple desperately for money, they lacerate themselves climbing to success, yet they remain sullen and bewildered, always hopeful for some unexpected sign by which to release their bitter craving for a state of grace or, at least, illumination. Dreiser's characters are romantics who behave as if the Absolute can be found, immaculately preserved, at the very summit of material power. Great energies can flow from this ingrained American delusion, both for the discharge of ambition and the aggressiveness of ego. And Dreiser too, because he had in his own experience shared these values and struggled, with varying effectiveness, to burn them out of his system – Dreiser too lived out the longings and turmoil of his characters.

Yet there is usually present in his early novels a governing intelligence more copious and flexible than that of the characters. This governing intelligence is seldom revealed through direct statement, either by characters or author. Taking upon himself the perils and sharing in the miseries of his characters, he leaves the privilege of admonition to others. Yet there is never really a question as to what his novels "mean," nor any serious possibility that the characters will usurp control. Through the logic of the narrative, we are enabled to grasp with an almost visceral intensity how shallow are the standards by which the characters live.

In these early novels society figures largely as a jungle; and with good reason – the capitalism of the early 20th Century closely resembled a jungle. The characters may begin with a hard struggle for survival, but far more quickly than most of Dreiser's critics allow, they leave it behind them. Having emerged from the blunt innocence of their beginnings, they are now cursed with a fractional awareness. They can find neither peace nor fulfillment. In their half-articulate way, Dreiser's characters are beset by the same yearnings that trouble the characters of Fitzgerald and many other American novelists: a need for some principle of value by which to overcome the meanness, the littleness of their lives. To know, however, that the goals to which one has pledged one's years are trivial, yet not to know in what their triviality consists – this is a form of suffering which overcomes Dreiser's characters again and again. In all its dumb misery, it is the price, or reward, of their slow crawl to awareness. One sometimes feels that in the novels of Dreiser there is being reenacted the whole progression of the race toward the idea of the human.

The prose in these early novels is often as wretched as unsympathetic critics have said. Dreiser had little feeling for the sentence as a rhythmic unit (though he had a strong intuitive grasp of the underlying rhythm of narrative as a system of controlled variation and incremental development). He had a poor ear for the inflections of common speech, or even for the colloquial play of language. And worst of all, he had a weakness, all too common among the semi-educated, for "elegant" diction and antique rhetoric. Yet, despite the many patches of grey and the occasional patches of purple prose, Dreiser manages to accumulate large masses of narrative tension; he pulls one, muttering and bruised, into the arena of his imagination; and finally there is no recourse but surrender to its plenitude, its coarse and encompassing reality.

Not even Dreiser's philosophical excursions – bringing together nativist American prejudice with the very latest ideas of 1900 – can break the thrust of these narratives. Dreiser's thought has by now been analyzed, mauled and ridiculed: his distortion of social life through metaphors of brute nature, his reduction of human motive to the

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malignant pressure of "chemisms," his toying with notions about "the superman" in the Cowperwood novels. But it hardly matters. One brushes all this aside, resigned to the malice of a fate that could yoke together such intellectual debris with so much creative power. One brushes aside, and reads on.

This is the first section of a two-part essay which, in a somewhat different form, will serve as the introduction to the forthcoming New American Library edition of An American Tragedy.

Rostow: The Intellectual Fortinbras

by Louis J. Halle

Having only recently reviewed a book by the first head of the State Department's Policy Planning Staff, George F. Kennan (*The New Republic*, May 16), I now have before me a book by his present successor, W. W. Rostow. The contrast between the two writers is complete. It is as great as the contrast between Hamlet and Fortinbras, and it is a similar contrast in the sense that Mr. Kennan is predominantly thoughtful while Mr. Rostow is predominantly energetic. Here, however, the similarity ends. If Mr. Kennan is predominantly thoughtful, he has nevertheless been an effective operator on occasion; and if Mr. Rostow is primarily energetic he is, at the same time, an intellectual with a well developed academic background. (Fortinbras, be it noted, would not have qualified as Professor of Economic History at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.)

View from the Seventh Floor
by W. W. Rostow
(Harper; $5)

Walt Whitman Rostow represents a paradox that has its significance for the evolution of American government in our time. I feel no interest in reviewing the contents of this essentially casual book – which he has composed of miscellaneous articles and lectures – but I shall not forgo the opportunity of exploring the paradox of the intellectual Fortinbras who is its author.

In a succession of books, now, Mr. Rostow has presented his personal view of history and of contemporary world developments. From the seventh floor of the State Department, that view is essentially the same as it was from the academic precincts of MIT or of Cambridge University, where he was a visiting lecturer. The chief question that presents itself is whether it is a true view, and it is at this point that we confront the paradox.

By way of analogy, let me suppose that someone has raised the question whether an impressionistic landscape-painting truly depicts the actual scene that it pretends to depict. I note that what looks like an accidental splash of green in the painting stands for the woods of the actual scene, and that a casual brush-stroke stands for the sky. Rather than say categorically that the painting does or does not depict the scene truly, I may conclude by saying that it is an essentially true representation, but in terms so crude as to approach untruth.

I am compelled to make the same paradoxical answer with respect to a large proportion of Mr. Rostow's statements. Take the statement that the Cuban revolution "was tragically captured from within by the Communist apparatus." If it represents the truth at all, it represents it so crudely as to be virtually untrue. Again: "Communism is a system of organization designed to project its power abroad, to the maximum degree compatible with the maintenance of its dictatorial grip on power at home." Here, I take it, Yugoslavia and Albania have disappeared from Mr. Rostow's view as the individual trees disappeared from the painter's view of the woods. The statement, neither true nor untrue, is too crude to be truly informative.

The painter may have had acute vision, but he was deliberately slapdash in his method. Mr. Rostow is impressively intelligent and informed, but not temperamentally disposed to be painstaking in his thought. He is like the fluent conversationalist who can answer a question the more readily for not stopping to think about it.

I said above that the paradox represented by Mr. Rostow has its significance for the evolution of American government in our time. In both his virtues and his faults he exemplifies the "new man" who has, over the past score of years, come into the positions of professional leadership in our government, the Fortinbras with the high IQ. One is grateful for his intelligence and energy, and one is occasionally appalled at his crudeness.

The advent of the "new man" in the higher councils of government began in the period after 1945, and then it was chiefly represented by military officers. The highly educated types who had traditionally dominated the State Department were able to think and use language with delicacy and precision, but they did not have the crude simplicity of spirit that was, perhaps, needed to fight the Cold War. They tended to hesitate in action because they saw two sides to questions of which others saw only one.

The military, confronting unfamiliar problems, were at first disposed to think of foreign affairs in terms of campaigns with beginnings and ends, and therefore to demand Cold War Plans complete with D-day and V-day. Some were disturbed by the fact that the State Department had no target-date for winning the Cold War. Fortunately, with the passage of time and the rapid acquisition of experience, most of them learned that the conduct of foreign affairs is not as simple, direct, and conclusive as the conduct of a war.

If the military learned from the civilians, however, so did the civilians learn from the military – the more so because they felt themselves under pressure to show that they were just as rough and virile. The basic military influence was inevitable and even proper because, with the adoption of our containment policy in 1947, the military factors in our foreign relations came to be of the first importance. The formulation of our foreign policy was therefore entrusted to a National Security Council in which the military departments of government had rep-

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resentation equal to or greater than the civilian. The basic documents in which that policy was formulated came to be essentially military documents, like NSC-68 and NSC-162.

My point is that the change this represents is showing itself to be both permanent and far-reaching. Today, a military officer from the Pentagon sits on the State Department's Policy Planning Council, over which Mr. Rostow presides, and the language of military affairs has in some measure replaced the traditional language of foreign relations. All this is exemplified in Mr. Rostow's *View from the Seventh Floor*. Where we used to have a "foreign policy" we now have a "national security policy." The government deploys its resources to support its "strategy." There is a new style in our foreign affairs that owes more to Jomini and Clausewitz than to De Callières and Czartoryski.

Whether we like this or not, it seems to me to have been virtually inescapable under the circumstances of the Cold War, just as the circumstances of the Peloponnesian War may have made it inevitable that a Pericles would be replaced by a Cleon. (The parallel between Cleon and Senator Goldwater should properly give us a shiver or two.) But it has disadvantages that become more evident as the Cold War of the old bipolar days recedes into the past. Indeed, some of Mr. Rostow's text seems curiously old-fashioned to one who no longer lives in Washington, simply because the style of thought that had its point in the 1950's has, at last, become habitual. One disadvantage of this development is that it imposes crudeness. It imposes simple abstractions, such as that of "the enemy," upon subtle, complex, elusive, and highly human realities. There is "our side," which is uniformly high-minded; and there is "the other side," which is uniformly satanic. "Communism" is all one thing. Human dignity is something we have already satisfactorily realized among ourselves, and it remains only to enable others to enjoy it too.

Mr. Rostow has already showed himself to be a scholar and a dynamic thinker. One suspects, however, that the new style in government is congenial to him because he has one of those minds that perceive everything in terms of a few simple categories. Every problem has either three elements or four, which he proceeds to set forth in as many paragraphs. Every solution, likewise, has just three requirements, or four, to be enumerated seriatim. All societies fall into a few categorical classes, economic development proceeds through categorical stages, and this great, multifarious, fluid, and largely unknown world of ours is conceived as a child's plaything made up of a very few building-blocks, all square and solid. There are no puzzles, no mysteries, no uncertainties.

I doubt that Mr. Rostow, in this simplicity of vision, reflects the mind of either the late President Kennedy or of President Johnson. What strikes me, rather, is a parallel between his style and that of the late John Foster Dulles. While Mr. Rostow is distinctly the intellectual superior of Mr. Dulles (*pace* the Dulles legend), there is a remarkable similarity of outlook. Reading the pages in which Mr. Rostow tells us about an unerring world strategy by

The Cat and the Starling

(From Krylov)

A Starling – one that sang a little flat,
But was (as all who knew him will aver)
A most esteemed philosopher –
Struck up a friendship with the family cat.
This Tom, unlike most of his kind,
Was nice, polite, and peaceably inclined.

He chanced, one day, to miss his dinner:
His stomach rumbled loud.
He paced the floor, each minute growing thinner,
And switched his tail, and plaintively meowed,
Not being in a mood to purr.

Our fine-feathered philosopher
Began to teach him,
Saying, "You're a fool. It's quite unnecessary
To suffer hunger pangs, while that canary
Is right there in that cage where you can reach him."

"My conscience, though" – "Why listen to your conscience?
Believe me, it's a lot of nonsense –
An old wives' tale for simple-minded folk.
To those who think big, it's a joke.
In life's great struggle, might
Makes right.
I'll prove my point to you by demonstration."
Then, citing one by one each concrete situation,
He set forth in detail his whole philosophy.

It suited hungry Tom right to a tee:
He dragged the poor canary to the floor
And ate him up. He tasted good – tasted, in fact, like more.

"Thank you for teaching me," he said, "that it's not wrong,
When one is strong,
To prey upon a smaller creature.
Thank you again, for making me a sage."
Then, pouncing on the Starling's cage,
He ate his teacher.

– *Translated by* GUY DANIELS

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which we are winning the Cold War, I was repeatedly reminded of Secretary Dulles' "massive retaliation" address of January 12, 1954, in which he set forth what came to be called "the new look" in our national security policy (ex-foreign policy). That address was one long boast, in which the Eisenhower Administration was represented as proceeding unfalteringly and infallibly to dispose of the Communist challenge. Mr. Rostow's confidence in 1964 is better founded than Mr. Dulles's in 1954, but because of its crudeness I repeatedly found myself reacting against what I nevertheless believed to be essentially true.

I have not done Mr. Rostow justice in this commentary. He is far more than a Fortinbras or a Cleon, if only because he has an impressive education and exceptional intellectual powers. His is, in fact, one of the most fertile and constructive minds on the American scene. I cannot, however, escape a sense of disappointment. It is based on the feeling that, if a capacity for painstaking thought and long reflection, plus an appreciation of nuances, had been added to his natural gifts, Walt Whitman Rostow would have been another John Maynard Keynes.

Too Jewish to Love

by Joseph Epstein

"Too Jewish to Love" is the title a friend of mine plans to give a novel he has as yet to write. I keep telling him, with a title like that, who needs a novel? But my friend persists. He doesn't have it all blocked in yet, he tells me, though he does have what he calls "the basics" firmly in mind. It is to be a novel about Jewish writers and intellectuals who, because of one quirk or another, cannot experience a single comfortable relationship or uncomplicated emotion, let alone complete a composition or bring off a carefree fling at sex. These characters of his are to be flamboyantly, monumentally, hung up. And while deep, sad, sympathetic, and even likeable, they are, ultimately – Too Jewish to Love.

To An Early Grave
by Wallace Markfield
(Simon and Schuster; $4.50)

Alas, it is too late for my friend, for Wallace Markfield has already published the novel under the inferior title of *To An Early Grave*. I suppose it is for the best. Markfield's novel is wildly funny. It is also very nearly libellous – which affords a small side interest – the similarities between many of its characters and many persons both living and dead being, one suspects, a good deal more than purely coincidental.

The novel is set in the milieu of that clique of New York Jewish intellectuals who in the '40's and up through the middle '50's gathered round *Partisan Review* and *Commentary* magazines. Theirs was a brief but glittering era, lasting in all twelve, perhaps fifteen years and producing roughly a dozen superb pieces of literary journalism – if no literature – before finally flickering out. One can even roughly fix the date of the era's demise by the death of the real-life counterpart of Leslie Braverman, the hero, though he never directly appears, of Markfield's novel.

To An Early Grave opens with Morroe Rieff roused from bed by a phone call informing him that Leslie Braverman is dead and that today, a Sunday, is to be the day of his funeral. The caller is Inez Braverman – Mrs. Braverman, although she and Leslie had not been living together toward the last – who asks Morroe to round up some of Leslie's old friends and get them out to the funeral. Though he hasn't seen Leslie for over a year and though their last meeting was anything but a happy one, Morroe, disregarding his wife's objections and his own self-doubts, agrees. The funeral is in Brooklyn, and the novel is taken up with Morroe's joining with three of Leslie's friends and travelling out to it.

There is something of a complication right off. Morroe is not really one of the old crowd. Not only has he come to lead a pretty embourgeoised existence, but he is of a dubious profession: fund-raising. Morroe is a fund-raiser for Jewish charities, and among Leslie's friends – the boys who write for the quarterlies – this gives him an intellectual status roughly equivalent to that of a Forest Hills Chevy dealer. Morroe keenly feels that he is looked down upon; and as soon becomes evident, he is right to feel so.

What also becomes evident (through reminiscences) is that Braverman, the Great Leslie who in his time had published over "100 pieces," was a bit of a swine. An exploiter of friends, an adulterer, a lout in ways too numerous to mention, he pre-empted the perquisites of genius without quite having established the credentials. At the same time, however, Leslie could be generous, open and free. At his best moments, he was gentle and kindly and even had about him a touch of wisdom. All qualities his friends are unencumbered by.

To these friends, *To An Early Grave* is devastating. The first of them is Barnet Weiner, writer undergoing a prolonged stretch of sterility, polyhistor, and lech. Weiner once wrote the "Art Letter" for Cyril Connolly's *Horizon*, but cannot endure without regular doses of his mother's split pea and barley soup. Holly Levine is a critic and a dazzling caricature. Markfield has composed a chillingly funny little set-piece for Levine in which, in attempting a review, he shuffles the word "certainly" in and out from between every other two words in the sentence, as well as trying it at both the front

SUMMER SCHEDULE

During the summer months, The New Republic will not appear on:

July 18 *August 1*
August 15 *August 29*

Weekly publication will be resumed with the issue of September 5

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and the tail. The "certainly" is there to give the line authority, and it probably would, if Levine could only decide where to put it. As a study in anality, he should set Freudians aquiver. Lastly, there is Felix Ottensteen, an aging Yiddish journalist. To pick up a few extra bucks, *"der alte"* Ottensteen lectures to Hadassah ladies who ask him not about Mendele or Peretz or the great Sholom Aleichem – but about Philip Roth. Ottensteen has a troublesome son, a poet and a wastrel; is put off by having to ride to the funeral in – of all cars – Levine's German Volkswagen; and is far and away the most likeable of the three. In all, they make up a nice assortment.

A difficulty, however, is that the sum of the novel's parts is really more brilliant than its whole. Take one incident. On the way to the funeral, Levine's car collides with a taxi. An argument ensues. It turns out the cab driver is a man of philosophic, even scholarly temperament ("Eighty-eights I got in all my regents, except once – "). Yet Levine persists in taunting him, and a fist fight follows. A bit of blood (Levine's) is spilled, wiped up, both parties get back into their cars and go off on their separate ways. Like everything else in *To An Early Grave*, the scene is remarkably well written; more than that, this particular scene marvelously gives the texture of life in New York, where everyone has problems and nobody is very anxious to hide them. But the incident, likeable though it is, simply hasn't much business in the novel.

Another such takes place at the cemetery. Morroe, walking off to attempt to talk himself out of an inconvenient erection, gets separated from the funeral party. (This inappropriate response, incidentally, has a connective at the end of the novel, where, rubbing insect repellent over his wife's body, Morroe weeps; erections at the cemetery, tears in the bedroom – really, Morroe is just Too Jewish to Love.) Bleary, half-crazed, he stumbles on. He comes upon the tombstone photograph of a Miss Goldie Bromberg, who died at thirty. He instantly falls in love with the dead woman, imagines the life they might have lived together. Stumbles on. Runs into a pretzel woman. Winds up not only carrying her impossibly heavy basket but helping her sell them as well. Still another such incident of this kind occurs earlier on, at a funeral chapel, which, because it has a surprise ending, would be heartless to describe. Both, again, are beautifully done.

The complaint is not that these digressions are painful. But in a novel of only 255 small, generously margined pages they do seem padding. And perhaps they seem all the more so for the fact that something else is missing. That something else is Leslie. Although his presence is everywhere apparent in the novel – propelling it, driving it forward, coloring every character – unfortunately, it is no more than that: a presence, shadowy and vague.

At graveside, the indefatigable Levine negotiates with Maurice Salomon, the editor of a magazine called *Second Thoughts*, about doing a piece on Leslie: "We must first determine whether we want memoir or critique. . . . I favor memoir-critique. The former lending tension to the latter, the latter lending irony to the former." I should not be much interested in reading Levine's piece on Leslie – in fact, I believe I may already have read it – but to have heard more from Markfield – that indeed would have been worthwhile.

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"Beatlemania has been pegged, by the sociologically inclined, as a protest against the adult world, but the grownups have it backward: the Beatle appeal is positive, not negative. They give kids a chance to let off steam and adults a chance to let off disapproval."

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From a recent Newsweek Theater column.

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"For breakfast he has non-caffeine coffee, meatless sausage, and the day's first nicotine-free cigarette. At the office he sits behind a non-working desk—a drawerless, paper-free form intended to look like a coffee table. At home his wife has her wig, her false eyelashes, and her suntan from a bottle. His children are in school echoing the latest homilies of the teacherless teaching machine. After class his daughter practices the current non-dance, an over-all tremor requiring no movement of the feet. This is today's surrogate world, where a man can have his cake substitute (made without butter) and eat it too."

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Pope Paul and the Council

by Frank Gorrell

Somewhat over a century ago Pope Pius IX toyed with modernizing the Roman Catholic Church, then reversed himself and plumped for the Syllabus of Errors and the Ecumenical Council, called Vatican I, which promulgated the dogma of Papal infallibility; he moved back, therefore, to the mediaeval position of Hildebrand who as Pope Gregory VII epitomized absolute Papal authority.

The Second Session
by Xavier Rynne
(Farrar Straus; $4.95)

The threat of general nuclear war, and such explicit denials of the ancient Christian belief in the sacredness of the single human person as the German extermination of millions of Jews called for a new social morality and a new polity. Yet the Papacy (if not the Church) could not yet speak with a single voice. Pope Pius XII, a brilliant protean aristocrat, a man with great diplomatic skill who had never had care of souls as a parish priest, saw only part of the problem and almost exclusively from the point of view of Holy Mother Church herself. He could speak up against the possible extermination of millions by what he called ABC war – atomic, bacteriological, chemical – but he considered "exaggerated" the evidence of the Germans' "final solution" of the "problem" of the Jews and remained silent on a transcendant moral issue. He spoke endlessly in many languages about almost all kinds of change, but never about any fundamental change in the Church.

Then, astonishingly, came Pope John XXIII, a man of lowly origin, who set out to give "the ancient and eternal" doctrine of Catholicism "a relevancy corresponding to the conditions of our era." He convoked the twentieth Ecumenical Council, Vatican II, for that purpose – and in his person he was more than a century distant from Vatican I's Papal infallibility. He was, in the words of Belgium's Leo Cardinal Suenens, "the Pope of the dialogue" who "broke through the sound barrier." Vatican II became an opening to the modern world. The Pope, flanked by Cardinal Bea and some dozens of like-minded high prelates from many lands, stood for a human brotherhood which for him broke down sectarian religious categories, for social justice, and above all for a polity of peace. He addressed himself to all mankind; it was his idea, for example, to proclaim a doctrine of religious liberty and to redress some of the cruel wrongs done to the Jews.

Surprisingly, a majority of the bishops assembled in St. Peter's turned out to share his universalist views, but they would have been ineffectual against the incrusted prejudice and power of the reactionaries of the Roman Curia especially in the Congregation of the Holy Office had it not been for John's personal intervention at crucial moments. John gave the world, not only Catholic Christians, two great charters, the encyclicals *Mater et Magister* and *Pacem in Terris;* above all he gave himself, one of the charismatic leaders of modern times. When he died the question was whether the Council would continue, and whether it would complete the work he started.

Pope Paul VI gave affirmative answers. At the outset he ruled out secrecy and gave assurance that discussion in the Council hall would be free. The effect, however, was filibustering by the Curia within the Council hall, and political infighting against the modernistic outside. Paul consorted personally in a most friendly manner with outstanding leaders of the progressives and gave hints that he approved their cause, but unlike John he did not intervene on their behalf. Unlike John, too, he was, and is, an intellectual, a diplomat, a veteran of some 30 years service in the Curia, a favorite of Pius XII. Without doubting his benevolent intentions, the frequency and intensity of his defense of Pius XII on the Jewish question (even during his fleeting visit to Israel) suggest that he is, perhaps more clearly, a successor to Pius than to John. There is a certain vague analogy of the relation of General de Gaulle to Marshal Petain who was, first, his colonel and teacher, then by force of circumstances his opponent, and finally his guide and permanent, durable mentor.

The doubt grew during the second session of Vatican II whether Paul could or wanted to prevent the Curia from frustrating those who sought to continue and complete John's work. Xavier Rynne, the pseudonym of a writer or perhaps a group of writers with "inside" access to the Council, who wrote the fascinating story of the first session, tells in *The Second Session,* how little of what was expected was in fact done. He describes, with great effort at objectivity, the gulf between Paul's assurances and his actual guidance, yet looks forward, with a "young" Pope (still in his 60's) to eventual success for crucial progressive schemata.

Cardinal Bea's presentation of the schema on the Jews and his Secretariat's communique on the same subject, prepared two years previously, expressed Pope John's awareness that all the Catholic leaders in the Islamic countries, and most in Spain, would deny that "neither the Jews of our time" nor most "in the time of Christ" can be accused of the crimes committed against him. John also foresaw opposition to the equally controversial – and necessary – declaration on religious liberty. But Pope Paul himself not only decided to postpone votes on both but gave no assurance that they would be taken up at the third session. Rynne says that the impression was widespread that the absence of any such statement made "a mockery of whatever the Council chose to declare with regard to Ecumenism," and that "in view of the tactics of the minority, it seemed dangerous not to make some public statement."

The American Jesuit, Father John Courtney Murray, was one of a group of theologians, defeated in their struggle for a statement on religious liberty, who found that the one adopted on communication was a step backward rather than forward, and an ex-

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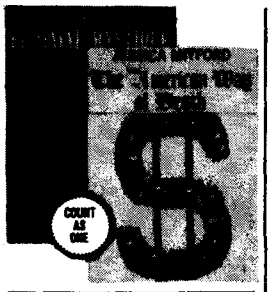

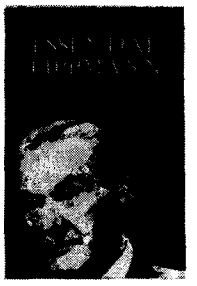
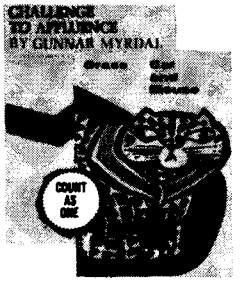

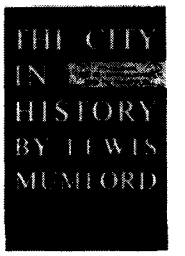

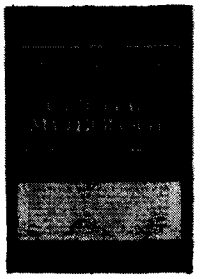
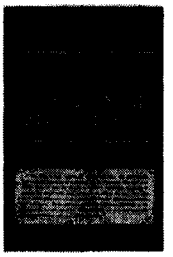
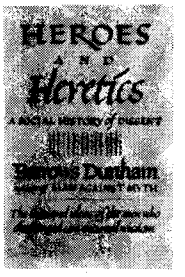

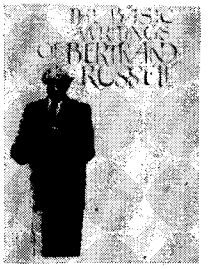

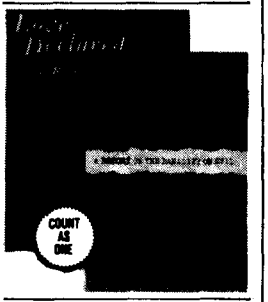

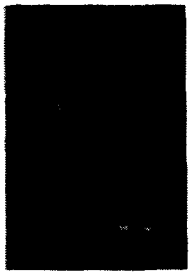
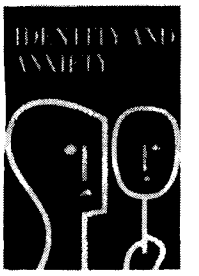

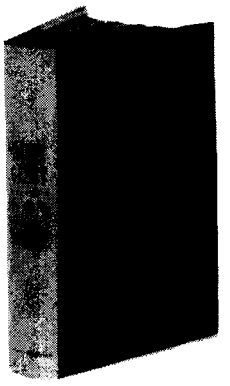
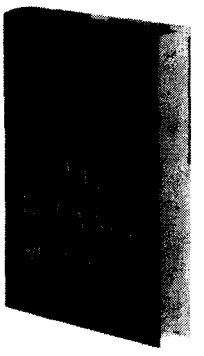
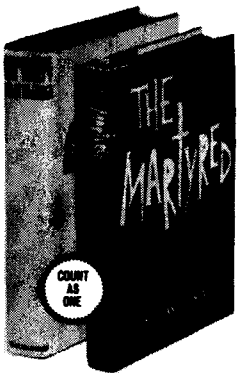

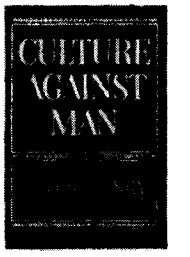

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ample of how the Council failed to come to grips with the world.

Was the second session a failure? Rynne who was enthusiastic in his presentation of the Johannine Council, is obviously affected by Paul's ambiguities and ambivalences. He lets himself say that it was "inglorious" with "accomplishments . . . distressingly small." On the other hand he says that Paul "remains determined to carry through his purposes which are still those of Pope John XXIII, and the majority of the Council, but of course in his own way and in his own time." He calls for "a fundamental move . . . to reorganize such organs as the Holy Office" and other similar ones. It will take at least that to make the third session a worthy sequel to the first.

Shriver the Dynamo

by Gerald W. Johnson

When it was first promulgated I was one of those who saw in the prospectus of the Peace Corps a blueprint of disaster. After reading Mr. Liston's biography of Robert Sargent Shriver, Jr., I am convinced that it was a sound judgment except for one flaw – it did not give sufficient weight to the personality of the man who headed the project. Shriver has made a resounding success of what by every rule of logic based on experience should have been a colossal failure.

Sargent Shriver: A Candid Portrait
by Robert A. Liston
(Farrar, Straus; $4.50)

There are those who will accuse Mr. Liston of bias. They include Mr. Liston. He doesn't admit that he is biased, he trumpets it. He asserts flatly that no man ever worked closely with Sargent Shriver for any considerable length of time without emerging biased. Some love him and others loathe him, but none is indifferent to him; and some who detest him most heartily have been among his most loyal and efficient subordinates.

This ambivalence is reflected in the book itself. It begins as if it were going to be the soapiest of campaign biographies. It ends by expressing serious doubt of Shriver's qualification for the highest office. It skips discreetly over the years when Shriver was front man – defeated rivals have said "hatchet man" – for Joseph P. Kennedy in some of that spectacular financier's most spectacular coups. But it emphasizes strongly Shriver's public service as chairman of the Chicago school board, and his quasi-public service as developer of the Catholic Interracial Council in Chicago. Throughout the book Shriver's active religious faith is a recurrent theme; it is undoubtedly one of his strongest motivating forces.

His advantageous, yet somewhat ambiguous position as a Kennedy in-law is handled with a frankness that one misdoubts may bring upon Liston the resentment of the clan. Shriver is portrayed as acridly aware of the prevailing opinion of the young man who succeeds by marrying the boss's daughter, and it is implied that sometimes he may have over-compensated for it by a too belligerent independence. His wife, the former Eunice Kennedy is described as having both the temper and the courage to be a battleaxe of formidable potency; but it is asserted that she never takes to the warpath without ample and just cause.

But it is the picture of Shriver at work as head of the Peace Corps that gives the book its fascination. Such a human dynamo is terrifying; in fact, the spectacle terrifies Liston. From the very start Shriver has been the Peace Corps; his huge staff of assistants are no more than extensions of his personality and most of them frankly admit it. He demands, and gets extraordinary efficiency, but he is not successful at delegating authority. If he has trained a successor, Liston is not aware of it.

That is a weakness permissible in a first lieutenant, but not in a captain. In the spring of 1964 Liston, on that account, was not altogether sympathetic with Shriver's definite hankering to be named as Johnson's running mate. Recent events have made the country

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acutely conscious of the importance of electing as Vice President a man thoroughly competent to take over in case of need.

The biographer is not too sure even of Shriver's success as leader of the "war on poverty." He is a terrific inspirer of idealistic youth, but that he will be equally successful with discouraged, middle-aged men does not necessarily follow. The new enterprise is hardly comparable to Shriver's job with the Peace Corps at any point.

So this book is far from being the conventional anointing of the hero with all virtues and all powers. It is not in the category of campaign biographies. It is, instead, an irritatingly sketchy, but perceptive and, as its subtitle claims, "candid" portrait of an elusive and difficult subject. It may do nothing to raise Shriver to higher office, but it will raise him in the esteem of most readers.

ARCHITECTURE AND DESIGN

The Aspen Summit Conference

Aspen's setting is exhilarating. After an hour's bumpy flight from Denver across the hefty mountains of the Great Divide you land on a huge meadow. The wide valley before you seems utterly secluded, a remote alpine kingdom guarded all around by distant, snow capped peaks. But the mountains failed to stop the ubiquitous intrusions of vulgar commercialism. And neither did the equally high idealism of Walter Paepcke and his friends who had rediscovered this almost forgotten mining town after the Second World War and turned it into a booming ski resort and unique cultural center.

Paepcke, who died a few years ago, was the president of the Container Corporation of America and undoubtedly the country's foremost patron of good design. He had hoped to restore and enhance the charm and character of Aspen's lusty bonanza days and keep its architecture harmonious. At one point he even offered free paint to the townspeople to induce them to spruce up their houses in a pleasing color scheme.

They spurned him. Aspen's residents were happy to accept the benefits of Paepcke's investments in ski lifts and ski runs, in the Aspen School of Music, the summer music festival and the Institute of Humanistic Studies where corporation bigwigs exercise their bodies in a health center and their minds in competently guided seminars on Plato, Goethe and modern physics. But the benefits of sound city planning, architectural restraint and good design, the townspeople failed to see. Thanks mainly to Paepcke there are, here and there, some remaining mansions which the silver barons adorned with Victorian gingerbread. They now house artists and wealthy summer residents. The old Opera House has been handsomely restored by Herbert Bayer, Paepcke's chief designer and architect, who had once helped make the Bauhaus in Germany famous. The old Jerome Hotel has also been restored to much of its gaslight era charm. Its swimming pool is Aspen's intellectual agora where, between admiring glances at bathing beauties, ceremonious applications of sun oil and gin-and-tonics, musicians, designers, writers, business executives and some of the resident artists, stimulated by both the mountain air and the day's lectures and seminars "cross-fertilize" their minds, to use Paepcke's favorite word.

Beyond the Opera and the Jerome, however, what might so easily have been a uniquely American Salzburg is but a typically American Middletown. There are a few exceptionally handsome modern buildings. But these are all but lost in the usual chaotic litter of *laissez faire* building and non-building, Coney Island shacks, misplaced gas stations, "modernistic" motels and, worse, cute Swiss chalets. Bayer and his friends have just about given up trying to work with the town on zoning and architectural guidance to make man-made Aspen worthy of its natural setting and also its cultural aspirations.

This, repeated all over the country, is the guts of the dilemma which architectural, graphic and industrial designers and critics discussed at Aspen's fourteenth annual International Design Conference, another Paepcke idea, during the last week of June. It was attended by some 650 people, including a good number of students from all over the country and as far as Sweden. The question, as designer Eliot Noyes, the program chairman, posed it, is whether the designer is still really free to apply to his work the restraints demanded by good form and good function or whether he must yield to the pressures of salesmanship and the caprice of mass taste.

After viewing some sickening and noisy television commercials proudly projected by Georg Olden of the McCann-Erickson advertising agency, the conference could burst into new hope and applause for an utterly charming and superbly creative short film executed by a twenty-one-year-old Harvard design student. It consisted of fan-

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tasy figures and forms of soft clay that kept dancing about and transforming each other somewhat like animated Paul Klee paintings. The creator of this memorable diversion was Eliot Noyes' son of the same name who emerged as the undisputed hero of the proceedings.

But there were others. William Bernbach, whose advertising agency gives us the witty Volkswagen ads and the more recent, seemingly artless campaign for Avis rental cars, proved that advertising can also be delightful. Leon Gordon Miller, a free lance industrial designer, and Seymour Silverman of Westinghouse bore testimony to some handsome product design. The architects Philip Johnson, Paul Rudolph and Robin Boyd of Australia have carried architectural experimentation to stunning, novel achievements. Lou Dorfsman's television commercials and printed promotion for CBS are aesthetically far superior to the goods they promote. And Ivan Chermayeff's graphics, their symbols distilled to their purest essence, achieve beauty through pristine clarity.

But these, all too rarely proffered, are the free buckets of paint. The townspeople, by and large, spurn them. And only one or two optimists saw merit in the resulting visual chaos around us. The rest of the two dozen speakers felt compelled to indulge in what the English critic Reyner Banham, who summed up in the end, called "narcissistic self-abuse." If anyone thought that good design had any influence, said Richard S. Latham, an industrial designer, let him walk through Harlem and then visit the New York World's Fair which he called "Disneyland East."

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RANDOM HOUSE

Chermayeff ventured that our visual environment is becoming so bad that by the time we actually get to the moon the earth might have become uninhabitable.

While designers tended to castigate designers and their surrender to greed and vulgarity, the critics tended to blame the critics. Dwight Macdonald, in a brilliant dissertation, deplored the lack of flood controls in our current rage for culture and the irresponsibility of the taste makers. It is the critic, he said, and not the artist who determines the ever changing fashions in art; the locus of power is in the museum and not the studio.

Ralph Caplan, a critic and writer on design, urged more public criticism which alone could inform and educate the townsfolk. "Every novelist, playwright, actor, musician, composer and prize fighter," he said, "offers his work with the knowledge that it may be praised, blamed and analyzed. But when a manufacturer throws yet another refrigerator into the stream of economic life, he is assured of exemption from aesthetic critical comment."

Just how badly such critical comment is needed, and not just on aesthetics, and how rarely it is offered in a press afraid of its advertisers, was illustrated by Dexter Masters, until recently director of Consumers Union. Of 32 American automobiles, bought from a variety of dealers and tested by Consumer Reports, he related, 31 broke down or needed repairs of some sort to keep them running before they were driven 2,000 miles. The thirty-second car lasted 5,000 miles before repairs were needed.

None of the speakers offered ready salvation. Even if all our billboards and all our motels were works of art and beauty, suggested Chermayeff, they would still clutter up the countryside. Nor did "scientific research" seem to promise help. As Dr. Nelson N. Foote, who does consumer research for General Electric explained it, people don't know what they want. Mountains of surveys on refrigerators finally yielded the wisdom of a mouse, if mice bother to think about refrigerator design: A squared off top, this research revealed, was deemed better than a rounded one because the things you place upon it don't roll off.

As to cities, Peter Blake, editor of *Architectural Forum*, suggested not entirely facetiously that the job of renewal ought to be turned over entirely to the highway engineers. In the end they rebuild our cities anyway, he argued, regardless of planning, architecture and livability. And what's more they have all the power, most of the money and abundant engineering skill.

But none of these words convey the spirit of what transpired at Aspen. On paper the gloom and doom sermons of a revival meeting always sound banal. Hearing them in the warm brotherhood of Aspen's famous music tent, however, they do not depress but uplift. The blistering complaints had a new and hopeful sound on this flowery meadow, amidst these snow covered mountains. The birds fluttered quietly around the tentpoles. Even the dogs that strayed in on occasion seemed to listen with interest. And there was never a sound out of the perambulators some eager young mothers had pushed along to the meetings. And the earnestness of all this soul searching, the applause when a common front of designers, militancy and action and even a march on Washington were mentioned, was not naïve, not a passing exaltation in the mountain air. Aspen is no Chautauqua, the movement which, at the turn of the century, sought to intoxicate the multitudes with cultural patent medicines.

It was, to be sure, all talk. But good talk breaks our isolation. It sometimes leads to thought. And perhaps even to the resolve to try a little harder to get the townspeople to see merit in those freely offered buckets of paint.

WOLF VON ECKARDT

COMING

The Art of Eleanor Clark
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V. S. Pritchett
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Iserwood the Novelist
by Stanley Kauffmann

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THEATER

Memoirs of Mr. Bang

The 1963-64 theater season has concluded not with the razzing it deserves but rather with a cluster of "artistic triumphs" – all of them so unimpressive to me that either everyone has joined a cabal or else I am the Terrible-Tempered Mr. Bang. Frank Gilroy's *The Subject Was Roses*, for example – universally acclaimed as Best American Play of the Year (a laurel it may have earned by simple default) – strikes me as being, despite the obvious sincerity of the author, almost unbearably trivial and commonplace. A crudely constructed realistic drama about an Irish family unburdening itself in the kitchen over countless bottles of beer, it documents the kind of domestic crisis that would be most appropriate on a daytime television series, one sponsored by Schlitz or Ballantine; and the acting and direction more than matches the greyness of the writing, proceeding with an elephantine pace which I am sure the South would be glad to accept as an example of "deliberate speed."

The Subject Was Roses
by Frank Gilroy
(Royale Theater)
The Knack
by Ann Jellicoe
(New Theater)
The Three Sisters
by Anton Chekhov
English version by
Randall Jarrell
(Morosco Theater)

In contrast with this flat beer opera, Ann Jellicoe's *The Knack* has lots of flavor and verve, and it is being performed with much more zip. But the play is impossibly arch, and the players (I exclude the gifted comedienne, Alexandra Berlin) are suffering from a severe case of the cutes. This affliction they share with the author who is apparently unable to decide between a commitment to children's theater or to theater of the absurd – imagine the *Just So* stories if Kipling had been converted to the avant-garde immediately before writing them and you will have an idea of the ambivalence surrounding *The Knack*, where a comedy of erotic relationships alternates with fey little fables about elephants and kangaroos, and characters take to hanging chairs on the wall. Mike Nichols directed the play a little too ingeniously, I think, so that a parallel action, composed of business and pantomime, runs alongside the written text – but parallel actions, like parallel lines, seldom meet, and neither goes in any particular direction.

The latest of these pseudo-triumphs is the Actors Studio Theater production of *The Three Sisters*, and again I find myself unable to manage a paean. Without Tyrone Guthrie's admirable production of the same play last year at Minneapolis, we might be forced to accept this lackluster performance as the best Americans can do with Chekhov, but compared with Guthrie's crisp and confident direction, Lee Strasberg's is singularly flaccid and limp. Chekhov used to complain that Stanislavsky turned his characters into cry-babies – I can imagine what he would have said about Strasberg who not only has them weeping copiously, but also screaming at each other, and even, at one point, retching in full view (Olga, complaining that Natasha's bad manners make her sick, proves it by heaving into the sink!). Actually, Strasberg has left the play largely undirected and permitted his actors their heads, but wherever he has bothered to in-

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terpret, he has introduced Chekhovian clichés. This production will confirm the Philistines in their conviction that Chekhov is a deadly bore, for it is as sluggish and torpid as an early Garbo movie – though the play is only sixty pages of printed text, it takes the Actors Studio Theater three hours and ten minutes to perform it.

The star-studded company is disorganized as an ensemble, but it is even difficult to single out individual performances for praise. I would have thought Luther Adler to be ideal as Chebutykin, but he is surprisingly apathetic in the role, and much too prone to Yiddish gesticulation – and Gerald Hiken, though more vigorous and thoughtful as Andrei, also tends to translate his character into its Yiddish equivalent (a common failing in American Chekhov). Other critics have noticed the confusion of accents in this production – more disturbing to me is its confusion of styles. Kevin McCarthy, as Vershinin, comes on like a peppy All-American fullback; Albert Paulsen, as Kulygin, seems to be acting in a Viennese operetta; and Robert Loggia's Solyony looks and sounds like a TV Mexican *bandito*. As for the women, Shirley Knight's Irina is delicate, though a trifle hysterical, but Geraldine Page's Olga is much too warbly, and Barbara Baxley plays the subtly malevolent Natasha like the Black Witch of the North. Kim Stanley's Masha has been highly praised, and her gifts are undeniable, especially in frustration, anguish, and grief, but I have seen this neurasthenic performance many times now, and it no longer gives me much surprise or pleasure. I am, furthermore, annoyed by Miss Stanley's slackness in the role which finds expression both vocally – in the extravagant pauses she allows herself in the midst of speeches – and visually – in her physical silhouette. To put it bluntly, Miss Stanley is not in condition – a ballet dancer, or even a lady wrestler would be much more careful about her appearance before performing in public. When we hear how strenuously Sir Laurence Olivier trained to prepare his voice for *Othello*, it does not seem too much to expect Miss Stanley to prepare her figure for Masha – but perhaps this demonstrates the difference between actors who are disciplined craftsmen and those who are mere self-indulgent stylists.

The company, in general, demonstrates this. In contrast with the debacle at Lincoln Center, the Actors Studio Theater has had a better season and its choice of plays has been more daring, but this is to compare tinsel with confetti. It is true that Kazan would never have mounted a work like James Costigan's *Baby Want a Kiss*, but then one can hardly fault his judgment there, and, anyway, the Studio hedged its bet at the box office by casting the play with two famous movie stars (both of them, actually, quite good in their roles). I also have my doubts whether a play as badly written as *Blues for Mr. Charlie* would ever have found its way to the stage were it not for the best-selling Baldwin name – and even the Chekhov play, though an excellent repertory vehicle, is hardly a novelty for a training organization whose acting method is based on that of Stanislavsky.

To my mind, the most interesting Actors Studio production of the year was the Arnold Weinstein-William Bolcom "comic opera for actors" *Dynamite Tonight* – a refreshingly naïve and spirited parody of Nelson Eddy and Jeanette Macdonald movies, acted and directed in the wacky style of *Duck Soup* – but this ran into a hostile press and was closed down after one performance. It was the privilege of newspaper reviewers to dislike this work, though Howard Taubman should at least have recognized the excellence of the score (while few believe in Taubman's brilliance as a theater reviewer, he is rumored to have a little more knowledge of music). But it was shocking that the Studio lacked the gumption to stand behind its own artistic option, especially when Studio productions are largely financed by foundations. *Dynamite Tonight* was the Studio's single gesture toward genuine experiment this year, and I am certain that if the group had stood behind this work, it would ultimately have found its audience. But the Actors Studio Theater proved, in the end, to be as timid, as panicky, and as success-oriented as the most venal producers, and could not refrain from adapting its policy to the hit-and-miss structure of Broadway.

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Thus, like its sister institution at Lincoln Center, the Actors Studio Theater has concluded its first full season, trying to combine artistic prestige with commodity success – trying, that is, to graft the limb of the repertory system onto the trunk of the commercial theater. Is it any wonder that this limb shakes so dangerously in the wind?

ROBERT BRUSTEIN

FILMS

Not Quite the Best

Nothing But the Best is an English comedy on the classic subject that has lately become neo-classic in Britain: a young man on the social and financial make. So much of it is so brisk, pungent, and entertaining that when the script abruptly changes character, we feel an impulse to stop the film and pluck out the offending eyeful. It goes bustling along its mocking way until,

Nothing But the Best (Royal Films International)
Yanco (Hoffman)
The Carpetbaggers (Paramount)

suddenly and incredibly, a quite different story obtrudes. But the film does not really switch to this other story; it also keeps trying to go on as it started, like the charging soldier whose head was blown off and who kept running for a hundred yards farther.

Alan Bates, the son of working-class parents, lives in a London roominghouse, has a job in an elegant firm of estate agents, sleeps occasionally with the switchboard operator, has intense ambitions. His upper-crusty boss has a smart daughter who is engaged to a young peer who joins the firm. Bates is made the lord's tutor-assistant, which only exacerbates his money and class hunger. He meets a down-at-heels but valid gentleman, Denholm Elliott, who once worked in the same firm, was discharged for forgery, and now lives on remittances from his embarrassed family, which he blows on drink and horses. Elliott is broke at the moment; Bates offers him lodging in return for lessons in speech, deportment, dress, and a cross-file of references of places and people. Elliott agrees. His social advice and his wardrobe, which he has preserved, help the young clerk to rise. Bates' own cleverness enables him to cut out the peer and get the daughter. Then, just when things are going swimmingly, one of Elliott's daily-doubles pays off, and he decides to leave London. He asks for his wardrobe back, whereupon Bates murders him, stuffs his body in a trunk, and stores it in the cellar of his roominghouse.

As I watched it, I could not believe it was actually in the film. It was almost as if Bates and Elliott had been fooling about on the set after a day of shooting and somehow the camera had been left running. What had transformed this boundlessly venal young man into a killer? Why would this shrewd article have taken such a risk for a few suits of clothes? And why would he have done it suddenly, without a careful plan, since planning was of his essence?

This inconsistency then streaks others in the film. For example, his concupiscent landlady, whom he has mollified with occasional venery, becomes an accomplice after the fact, her only blackmail being his promise of visits from time to time after he marries the boss' daughter.

There is a surprise ending which, I suppose, must not be revealed, but the film literally finishes with a question mark. Will Bates get away with it or not? I cannot amplify without giving details, but I fail to see that there is any question about his being caught.

The use of color – instead of plain, believable black and white – is superfluous and distracting; but Clive Donner, who made an extremely impressive debut with Pinter's *The Guest*, has directed with verve, imagination, and what may be called the requisite slickness. Frederic Raphael, well-known as a novelist, has written the screenplay. Since it is based on a short story by the mystery writer Stanley Ellin, I as-

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—The special value of Keith Douglas' poetry.

—How and why Westport, Conn., votes.

—The Catholic Church urged loyalty to Hitler.

—Craig Claiborne's secret recipe for hard-boiling an egg.

—How're you going to keep Margaret ("Green Medicine") Kreig down on the pharm after she's seen the Amazon!

—90 percent of his airline passengers are scared.

—Vaughn Meader's formula for an excellent marriage.

—Unquestionably, the most popular sex crime in America is prostitution.

—"I'm rather amazed that someone hasn't brought up the question of Lee Harvey Oswald as a potential Christ."

—Theodore Roethke's last poems.

—The cookbook to end all cookbooks includes Shish Kebab Elizabeth Taylor and Fruit Salad Ed Sullivan.

—Advertising: Questionable means to an end.

—The nun with the Avis "We Try Harder" button on her habit.

—Number one best-seller on college campuses: "Misery," by Suzanne Heller.

—Terry Southern's forthcoming books.

—"Sex and the Office" and "How to Exercise Without Moving a Muscle," two autumn books from Geis.

—Dr. Strangelove is a Jules Feiffer cartoon.

—Young girls are now writing the kind of books they were once forbidden to read.

—Elizabeth Taylor—the writing Taylor—has written a devastating portrait of a good woman.

—JFK's favorite book.

—Why higher-priced caskets are always on the right.

—The original title of William Golding's "The Spire" was "An Erection at Barchester," thought too punning and inappropriate by his publisher for "a book likely to form a permanent part of our literature."

—David Bazelon is writing "What is Power?", American power as expressed in personalities and institutions.

—Rachel Carson's favorite birds.

—The slogans on Sargent Shriver's office door.

—What has caused the country's three major race riots.

—The message W. H. Ferry gets is that the stock exchange, the shrine of a something-for-nothing cult, ought to be abolished.

—Ian Fleming describes "the most vivid and exciting city I have ever seen."

—The year the U.S. had no President.

—What book you shouldn't let your boss catch you reading.

—The complete story of Rafael Trujillo's assassination, and U.S. participation in it.

—Anne Sneller's big success at 80.

—Gore Vidal has a new best man.

—Paul Krassner's favorite book, "Johnny Got His Gun."

—The comic spirit of Wallace Stevens.

—In a Minneapolis library, there's a waiting list three years long for "The Group."

—The story of New York's High School of Music and Art.

—14,000 Americans who may be innocent are convicted of serious crimes every year.

—Shakespeare's son-in-law.

—64 hours that don't seem long enough.

—The book critics have called "the least lily-livered memoir since T. E. Lawrence's."

—Cass Canfield's history of John Gunther's novel on Vienna.

—Lyndon Johnson in 1942: "We must get rid of the indecisive, stupid, selfish and incompetent among our generals, admirals, and others in high military positions."

—Nehru recommended prison to writers.

—What to tell your child before The Bomb goes off.

—A woman's first-hand view of Lenin.

—A. J. Todd's "Justice on Trial," a real-life "Advise and Consent."

—Hemingway on Salinger: "Jesus, he has a helluva talent!"

—You'll want to hold John Lennon's book.

—Howard Hughes and Jane Russell brought refreshing honesty to Hollywood's approach to sex.

—How to be rich.

—The power structure of Dallas was studied before the assassination.

—The Christian roots of anti-Semitism.

—The satirist is always out of joint.

—Arthur Koestler's "Act of Creation" sets London's literary world ablaze.

—Your Cape Cod ghost may just be the rain.

—"Jews and the Wild West," when God had to help anyone who committed a crime on *Shabbos*.

—Middlebury College graduates are making it big on the lit scene: W. G. Heinz, Bard Lindeman, Richard Kim.

—Buckminster Fuller believes that only a design revolution, not politics, can save the future of mankind.

—The recipes that helped elect Maryland's governor.

—The strange things people do when they write their last will and testament.

—Most of us now breathing have a good chance of physical life after death.

—Benjamin Fine's gift to gifted children.

—Mach 1, Mach 2 and Machugina John Goldfarb.

—Wordsworth—the perfect name for a poet.

—How to be a grand grandma.

—They give Oregon its just desert.

—007-Thirty a.m. in the White House.

—Disillusion restores the Christ archetype.

—A sharply critical biography of Adenauer.

—"Earthquake" fills a long-standing gap.

—James P. Warburg's long road home.

—The farmer, the clerk, and the electrician who believe that they are Jesus Christ. (They live in the back wards of the state mental hospital at Ypsilanti, Mich.)

—The sudden popularity of three books by Dr. Immanuel Velikovsky, who holds the overpoweringly unorthodox theory that the Earth has undergone repeated catastrophes that were not miraculous interventions in the order of nature but, quite to the contrary, natural phenomena.

—Mrs. JFK, who, writes Murray Kempton, used to convey at a campaign meeting the effect of a Florentine madonna dropped into a Jack Levine painting.

—A. J. Liebling's observation that "the country's present supply of foreign news depends largely on how best a number of drygoods merchants in New York think they can sell underwear."

—Zohra Lampert. "Now I feel that I can make myself go. Because I want to."

—The man President Johnson identified as "Lady Bird's boy friend."

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sume that it was originally a murder story in which Raphael and others saw opportunities for social comedy. The latter took over so thoroughly that the original intent is a surprise when it belatedly arrives. Much of Raphael's work is clever, some of it heavy. When Bates says at the outset that he's going to get his, because this is "a filthy, stinking world," one doesn't expect unalloyed brilliance in the dialogue. We are given a meaningful glimpse of the name of a pub near Bates' roominghouse; the sign reads "The Young Pretender." A defter writer might have called it "The Honest Man."

Bates, Harry Andrews as the father, Millicent Martin (of the defunct British "That Was the Week that Was") as the daughter, are in high gear and, with the others, hum along well. As good as they all are, the superb performance is by Elliott as the well-bred scoundrel. There is an early scene where he asks Bates why he's been given shelter and food, what's on his host's mind. Bates tells the forger that he wants to forge *him:* wants Elliott to help him become a duplicate gentleman. In a few seconds there range over Elliott's face about 150 years of English social history, a good deal of self-knowledge, and some small vision of the future; then he says, "Bloody hell!," and accepts. It is "internal" acting at its finest.

Mexico has produced some good cinematographers but, to my knowledge, no good cinema. *Yanco,* which opened with much fanfare at Lincoln Center, does not alter this view. It is a well-photographed allegory about a sensitive little boy with a musical soul who is in accord with animals and nature, out of harmony with the world of man, and of course comes to an early sad end. Its artiness of composition and cutting begin to bore you after about 45 seconds. It runs 85 minutes.

The Carpetbaggers, an exquisitely appropriate film version of Harold Robbins' best-seller, runs at least two hours and, from my view, accomplishes only one thing: it proves that, even in scanty black underwear and trying to exude sex from every visible pore, Carroll Baker is still the perfect pal to ask along on a Boy Scout marshmallow roast.

STANLEY KAUFFMANN

Correspondence

The New Republic *welcomes communications in regard to subjects of current interest. Those of 300 words or less are most suitable for publication.*

Name Dropping

Sirs:

The back page of your July 4 issue is devoted to an ad for a new magazine called *Fact* that states: "Its contributors include the most brilliant thinkers of our time: Bertrand Russell, Linus Pauling, Dwight Macdonald and Dr. Robert M. Hutchins, to name a few." Flattering to be put in such company, but while the fact is I have contributed to *Fact,* the truth is that the contribution was a letter in a symposium on *Time* (on its accuracy, ironically) to which 34 other writers contributed; that, although I did consider updating an old article of mine for *Fact,* I changed my mind after the first two issues – which didn't impress me very much – and so informed the editors; and that, when *Fact*'s advertising continued to list me so prominently as a contributor, I complained, almost two months ago, to Ralph Ginzberg, the publisher, and he promised to drop my name from the brilliant-thinker quartet. Since he has not – though he continues to drop it in another sense – I'd be grateful if you'd print this correction. It's intolerable to see my name, for which I have a proprietary affection, though apparently no proprietary right, hijacked month after month to ballyhoo a magazine I won't write for. Especially when the thing is called *Fact.*

Dwight Macdonald
New York City

Controls and COMSAT

Sirs:

With Robert Burkhardt's questioning of the over-selling of COMSAT stock to the public one can only agree; with the views he expresses on the expected control situation, one wonders. ("COMSAT: Speculation in the Space Age," June 27.)

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percent limitation, will negate public stockholder control, Burkhardt asks – and implies a negative answer – whether this is "really in the public interest." Alternatively, I ask whether it would be any more in the public interest if there were no limitation and two or three dominant stockholders were in a position to control the corporation – in *their* interest?

Burkhardt is also ambiguous: he asserts both that AT&T "will not be able to control" COMSAT and that "the six directors named by AT&T and the other utility-stockholders . . . will be able to exert a disproportionately large influence on the policies of the corporation." Would not such large influence be awfully close to control? Which does he mean?

Of course the public stockholders will not be able to control the corporation, but that is hardly a novel situation in today's managerial capitalism. And stockholder control would not in any case be automatically in the public interest. In my opinion, therefore, the directing of the COMSAT corporation toward the public interest must depend, separately or collectively, upon (a) the three directors appointed by the President and/or (b) the regulatory steps taken by the President, NASA and the FCC under the statute establishing this public-private hybrid corporation.

Michael D. Reagan
Professor of Political Science
University of California, Riverside

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Irving Howe's *newest book is* A World More Attractive. Louis J. Halle *is a visiting professor at the Institute of High International Studies in Geneva, and the author of* Men and Nations. Guy Daniels *has prepared a translation of a volume of Krylov's fables which will be published in the fall.* Joseph Epstein, *formerly a New York magazine editor, is now a free-lance writer living in Little Rock.* Gerald W. Johnson's *book,* Hod-Carrier, *has just been published by Morrow.* Frank Gorrell *is a veteran European correspondent.* Robert Brustein *is the author of a forthcoming book,* The Theatre of Revolt, *which will be published in September by Little-Brown.*

Canada's Standard of Living

Sirs:

TRB's view (July 4) of a Canada healthier than the nation to its south seems quite myopic. Canada enjoys the highest per capita taxation in the world and yet its standard of living falls behind that of its southern neighbor and also Sweden. Canada's citizens now benefit from provincial hospital insurance plans but the preliminary Royal Commission report on medicare is simply a study; legislation has not been introduced.

Joseph R. Scalley
Jamaica Plain, Mass.

Putting On Miss Candy

Sirs:

In his entertaining review of *Candy* (July 11), Albert Goldman either is guilty of glancing too hastily at a reference book or he is himself borrowing the weapon he calls "the *Put On*": Livia was married to Tiberius Claudius Nero, whom she divorced in order to marry Augustus; but to assert that Livia was "Nero's wife" is like saying that Petronia, married to the emperor Vitellius (Caesar Augustus), was "Caesar's wife." Unless otherwise qualified, "Caesar" means *Julius Caesar* and "Nero" means *the emperor Nero.* If a writer thinks it necessary to identify Livia, he ought not to assume that his readers are familiar with the much less known Tiberius Claudius Nero. Livia, mother of the emperor Tiberius (Caesar Augustus), was the great-great-grandmother of the emperor Nero (Claudius Caesar Augustus).

It is learned of Mr. Goldman to define "Grindle" as "angry" (cf. *gryndel* in *Sir Gawayne and the Grene Knight*); but the definition is quite pointless: Grindle is hardly a take-off on "angry" young men; Mr. Goldman has, in fact, correctly identified him as a "fake Zen guru." If a *Put On* is here aimed at intellectual explicators, it were better that the weapon had been cast in their own mold: Grindle's lair, like that of the monster Grendel in *Beowulf*, is a mere-oriented cave; certainly the name consists with the German *gründlich* (fundamental, radical) or *Gründer* (promoter, *e.g.*, of fake organizations).

I should like to know to which ancient

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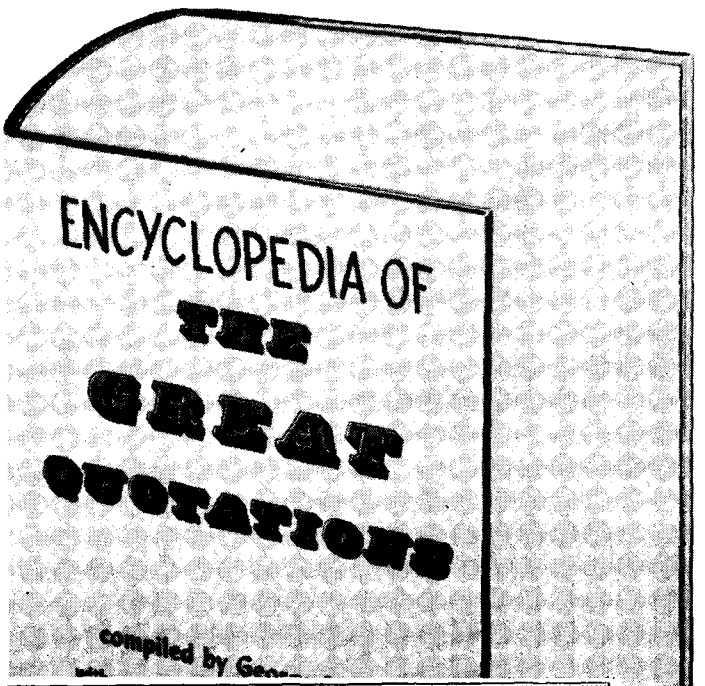

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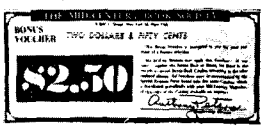

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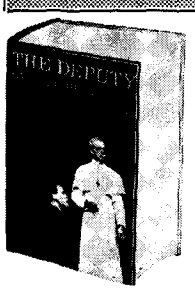

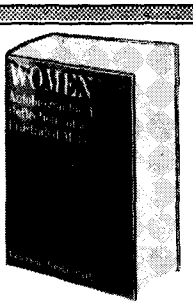

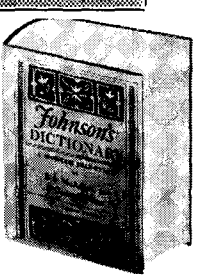

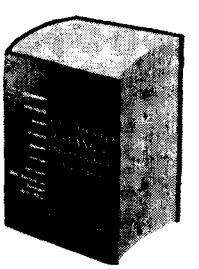

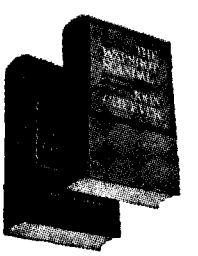

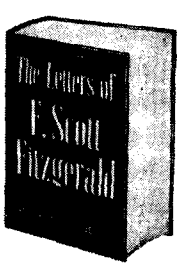

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Greeks he refers in the phrase, "the Saturnalian freedom of the ancient Greeks and Romans" [the likes of Livius Andronicus?]. Possibly his capitalization of the adjective is another badly aimed *Put On*.

It is pleasant to share Mr. Goldman's distaste for "literary intellectuals"; but it is not pleasant to suffer his (deliberately?) unintelligent neglect of facts and form or his unwillingness to admit that *Candy* is a cleanly brilliant triumph of palatable pornography.

Roy Arthur Swanson
University of Minnesota

Debate on Birth Control

Sirs:

Michael J. O'Neill's article "Debate on Birth Control" (July 4) is a valuable contribution toward recognizing the ferment within the Church today on the problems of family planning. However, his quotations from Daniel Callahan and part of Mr. O'Neill's conclusion create the impression that the Church's entire position on birth control is up for grabs, including the area of artificial contraceptives.

Such a conclusion is not justified by statements of even the most liberal prelates. Under discussion are the anovulatory pills which are not contraceptives at all, but have been condemned as temporary sterilizing agents. Even in this discussion it is only the medical aspect of the drugs that seems open to question, that is whether they are truly sterilizing agents. As Cardinal Suenens declared in his Boston statement: "The moral answer depends upon the medical answer. Naturally we cannot accept direct sterilization. . . ."

It is in this area then that there is possibility for an eventual break in the moral impasse, hopefully to the general public good. The violation of Catholic conscience and a repudiation of traditional beliefs is neither impending nor necessary.

Thomas P. Fondy
Waltham, Mass.

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WHO KILLED PRESIDENT KENNEDY?

Doubts have been expressed in news stories and editorials by a growing number of responsible newspapers, magazines and other media in the U.S. A few of the doubts are printed below. In Europe, the doubts are expressed in even sharper terms. In fact, the belief is widespread in Europe that rather than the lone act of a madman, the assassination was the handiwork of powerful conspiratorial forces.

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"The Warren Commission **must** tell us if the FBI or any other government intelligence agency was in any way connected with the alleged assassin, Lee Harvey Oswald."—Harold Feldman, **The Nation.**

"As citizens the aspects of the case we should find most troubling are the ineptitudes of the Dallas police, the carelessness of the Secret Service and the arrogant above-the-fray attitude of the FBI. In a democracy there is no place for a 'secret police', however holy their reputation."—Harriet Van Horn, **N.Y. World Telegram & Sun.**

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Some of the Contents

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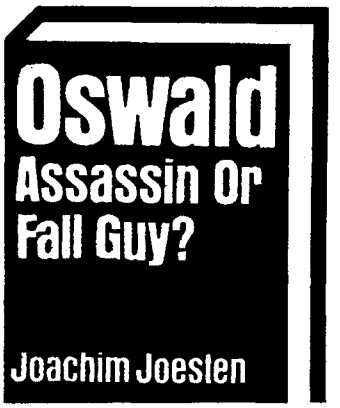

Joachim Joesten, a former assistant editor for Newsweek foreign affairs department, is the author of 26 books in English and German and hundreds of newspaper and magazine articles.

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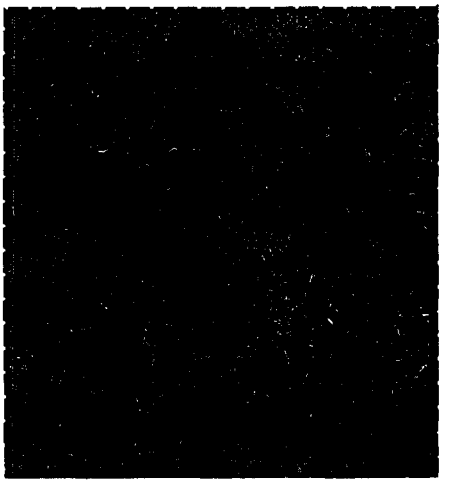

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